

SAFETY COLLEGE

CHICAGO, ILL.



George's  
Cafe



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# FROM THE HEADMASTER'S STUDY



As I write this, my fourth annual message to the Georgian, it is the middle of February, and we are still shovelling out from some of the heaviest snowfalls in years. Our new Chaplin, the Reverend Michael Burgess, arrived from England to take up his duties just as the snow began to fall, and I suspect that by now he is wondering whether he did the right thing. He has yet to contend with our other extreme - the hot humid summers characteristic of Southern Ontario.

The school year thus far has been one of the most eventful in recent memory. The fall was, as usual, filled with athletic events in soccer and cross-country racing, as well as the full complement of academic activity. There seemed scarcely a moment in which to reflect upon what it all meant. Christmas exams, the annual carol service at the Cathedral (one of the

best yet, I think), and the Christmas holidays came and went in rapid succession.

On January 4th Grade 6 and the two Grade 8 classes moved into their new classrooms in what used to be the Junior School Gymnasium. I well remember what a dingy place that was in our first year, 1964-1965, and the Saturday we invited the student body to rip up the old and rotting wooden floor, so that we might replace it with something more modern. The tile that was laid as a result now serves as the floor of the new classrooms, marker lines for basketball still intact!

In scarcely more than four week's time the March Break begins, followed by another term of hectic activity inside the classroom and out - softball games between the boys and the masters, track and field competitions, the Ladies' Guild Luncheon, the Old

Boys' Dinner, the Athletic Banquet, and the handing in of term essays, the writing of final exams, and Prize Day. And by the time you see this in print, the whole process will have begun again for yet another year.

The pace at which we live, especially in these times, should cause us all to draw up short now and again, and reflect upon the meaning and importance of what it is we're doing and how we're doing it. If we lose our perspective of this, we are in danger of losing perhaps the most important understanding we can gain about our all too brief span here on earth, and end up like the old man some years ago who, shortly before his death, caused to be inscribed on his tombstone: "John Reade - born August 12th, 1873 - died September 18th, 1971, in his 98th year - 'Now what was that all about?'"

# REPORT FROM THE PRINCIPAL OF THE JUNIOR SCHOOL

Last year in this space I wrote about an event being received with great acclamation - the event never took place. I also described our approach to the games programme - the programme was subsequently considerably revamped. Consequently this year, I begin by pointing out that I am writing this in February and that some of the events I describe may, in fact, never take place.

The year 1981 was marked by the move of the grade eights to the Junior School and by the construction of three new classrooms under Ketchum Hall. I have suggested that next year the grade nines be moved to the Junior School and that a grade be added each year until grades 4 to 13 are in the Junior School. This has not been well received!

The Junior School raised money for the Leukemia Research Fund again this year and earned \$7 000.00 through a Walk-a-thon in November. The boys are to be commended for their fine effort. The choir as usual had a full and active year. As well as singing at each Friday evensong, the Christmas Carol Service, and the Concert in March, members of the choir journeyed to Ashbury College in Ottawa to perform, sang for the Granite Club, and performed several weddings. After 17 years, the choir has now sung from coast to coast in Canada. Instrumental music, too, has proceeded with great strength. They have performed for the Lieutenant-Governor, at the Open House in February, and at the concert in March. About eight per cent of our boys in the instrumental programme also receive private music lessons in



their instrument throughout the week. Next year, Royal Conservatory exams will be added to the programme. The Junior School and members of the Senior School also did an abbreviated performance of the Mikado in November.

Once again, the entire Junior School attended a Ballet performance in November, and the grade sevens attended several theatre productions throughout the year. The drama programme also was active, doing a production in October, another at the Open House in February, and a third in April.

This year saw the under-13 soccer team playing at a tournament at Appleby College, and the under-13 basketball team competing in a similar tournament at St. George's Vancouver.

Junior School boys have also been active in several clubs within the school: Camera Club, French club and Dungeons and Dragons club. As usual each year there is a competition for the chess trophy with participants from grades 4 to 8.

We welcomed this year the arrival of Father Michael Burgess, our Chaplain, who not only conducted religious knowledge classes from grades 4 to 8, planned and conducted many services, and provided a ready ear for any who needed it; but also was a source of much wise counsel to the Principal.

Andrew Barlow  
Principal  
The Junior School

# PREFECTS



LEFT TO RIGHT: M. Vanderheyden, P. Anthony, Head Prefect, K. Clarke, I. Fowler, P. Beattie, J. Mock, J. LaForet, R. Allison, N. Culverwell, A. Birozes, C. Crassweller, D. Smith.

This year's group of Prefects have been blessed with a natural "nak" in almost every school activity, from academics to R and F to prepiness. To our surprise, the main event in the Prefect room has been wrestling (Ian, Doug, Paul) and not mice catching, as was anticipated. One mouse was sighted however and trapped for a short time until Mark the naturalist let it go.

We have accomplished many things this year, thanks to the interest and energy of all the Prefects. Led by Jim the artist of the group, we painted a mural on the gym wall and completed several other artistic endeavors in the Prefect room. We have also been successful in promoting the growth of S.G.C. spirit. We tried to improve the name of St. George's this year in all areas, and we sincerely hope the trend will continue in years to come.

Thanks to the lovely Prefects of B.S.S. and St. Clements, we have had several enjoyable events with them including a breakfast, soccer in the rain, volleyball, dinner and a full exchange day - certainly mind-expanding experiences.

Through all our busy hours spent at the lunch truck, Ketchum Hall, hockey arenas and basketball games to name a few, I think it is a credit to all the Prefects that the general motivation behind all our actions has been to make St. George's a better place, as hard as it seems at times.

Thanks to everyone including Jeff, Rob, Nick, and Mark, we have accomplished what we set out to do at the beginning of the year - that is to improve the St. George's community through our participation and ideas. Mr. Rutherford was a great help in guiding us in the right direction whenever we were doubtful as to which route to take.

Thanks should certainly be given to all the Prefects and students of St. George's College in making my job a pleasant one.

Good luck to the Prefects of 1982-83.

Peter Anthony, Head Prefect, and the rest of the Mostly Canadian Lager boys.



# STAFF







**STUDENTS**

Scott Burk: Less than religious Friday afternoon's, Silver Bullet, Monday Mornings without James, The Bill Wilson collection, Bleacher perspective with Kosich, inside jokes with Birozes, the three B's lunch with Latimer, Stan's, the brush, cough talk, dead fish, it's been worth it--terminated.



Stephen Murdock: "St. George's is alright..., but sex won't rot your brain."



Christopher Whitney: The nose knows. My ambition is to put the Brewers Retail in the black. No, but really, I DO know what I'm talking about, even if I didn't do the homework.



Gordon Baird: "Now this is not the end. It is not even the beginning of the end. But it is the end of the beginning."

-Winston Churchill





Patrick Bloomfield: "Dress code? What Dress Code? Kickers are legal everywhere."

Kent Paisley: "pardon sir, Did you say this 400 yards was sloooooooooow?!"



Marc Solby: "Veni Vidi Vici"  
-Julius Caesar



Kevin Wiseman: "Sixty-nine is my lucky number."



Mark Vanderheyden: "Hey..., have you ever heard of Moosehead?"



Ian Lindsay: "If there is one thing that St. George's has taught me, it is that I will be able to handle executive hours when I enter the real world."



Hugh Brown: Even great minds need rest.



Carlo LePiane: "Every night is Saturday night."





Scott Daly: Father Pegler's mid-term report comment in grade eleven: Scott's butterfly mind is gradually to rest on the flowers of French" - two days later dropped French.

-Hey Jimmy, What ya up to!



James LaForet: Here's to the good times; snowball fights in Mr. Gardner's class, the fantastic swim team, the SGC track team, grade eleven History with Gage, and going to Stanley's for break.

-Here's to the hard times; the 12 minute run, essay after essay, Christmas exams in a cold gym, and literally tons of homework.

-I'm sure my time here will help me in future years,  
Thanks SGC.



Conal Finnegan: "I crave a passionate lucidity. To be lucid without passion is a bore to write, and to be passionate without a ferocious clarity is a bore to read."

Once you've said that, you've said it all!

Douglas Smith: "Thank God it's Friday! - Where's the party?"



Peter Anthony: "Am I late?  
...Never!"



Jeff McLean: "I never let my schooling  
get in the way of my education."



Omar Fattah: "This must be in my files somewhere!"

Christopher Edwards: BONES!!!



Paul Beattie: The three B's Grade 9 -  
Never again! P.B.D.K.W.G.O. NNNN-  
NAAAAAKERRR! And still got 88.  
Pacman Fever! I was having me a burger  
... In a dirty greasy spoon cafe. I was  
eating it with relish When the man beside  
me turned to say, "What's that \_\_\_\_ hair  
doing laying there on your bun?"

MacLean and MacLean  
Thank the Lord for the Club!!



Lee. Weston: "The difference between  
teachers and students is that I'm not going  
to be here next year". So much for being  
profound, let's go for a beer.



Caleb Heyhoe: "For what is worth in  
anything  
But so much money as twill bring?"

-Butler



Marc Van Ginkel: "Man would not be Man if his dreams did not exceed his grasp."

-Loren Eiseley

P.S. Keep the Ferrari warm!

Nicholas Culverwell: Frustration: having enough intelligence to recognize good advice, but neither the intelligence nor ability to use it.



John Sladek: "That's strange ... I never miscalculate the dosages."



Robert Allison: "Conal, you know I hate blue."





Christopher Crassweller: The Backgammon champion of the Universe.

Anthony Birozes: The Greek Streak.



John Kosich: Myself ... I know I'm cool.



Kenneth Clarke: "I'd rather be in Sudbury."



Ian Fowler: "You don't learn to hold your own in the world by standing on guard, but by attacking and getting well hammered yourself."

George Bernard Shaw



Stanley Janecek: "Lead, follow, or get out of the way."- I never follow!



Jeff Mock: "How do they expect me to get all this water through this tiny hole?"



Peter Antonoff: "It is better to be confused than ignorant."



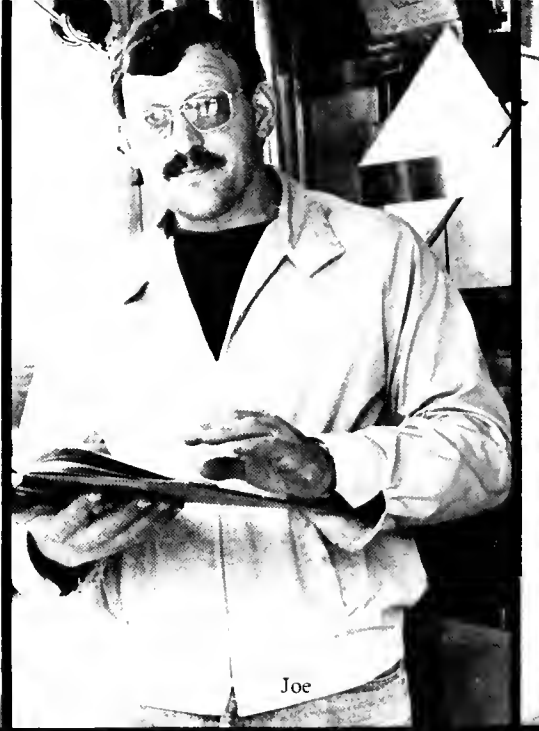
Giles Fox: "But Marc, it's only 8:30, we can't go home YET!"



Miles Rideout: "Redheads, Irishmen, and Kickers; it must end!"



Mr. Kerr - "The fool is an important figure in literature"



Joe



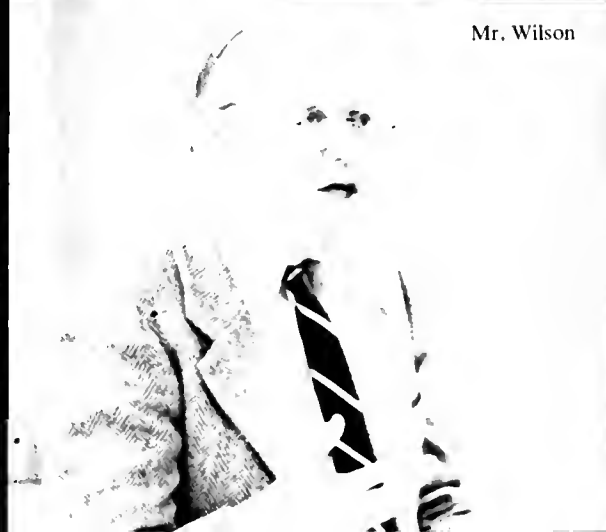
Mr. Walker



Mr. Haslett



Mr. Fraser - "I've got San Francisco by 2 1/2."



Mr. Wilson





Miss Zanter



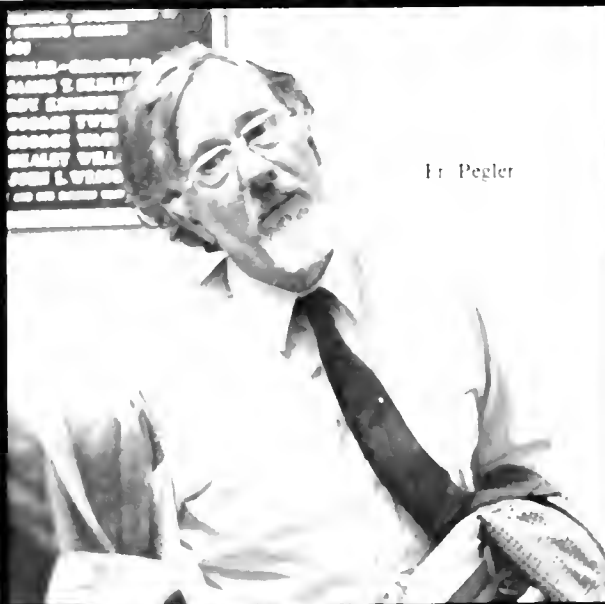
Tony



Mr. Armitage



Dunkler



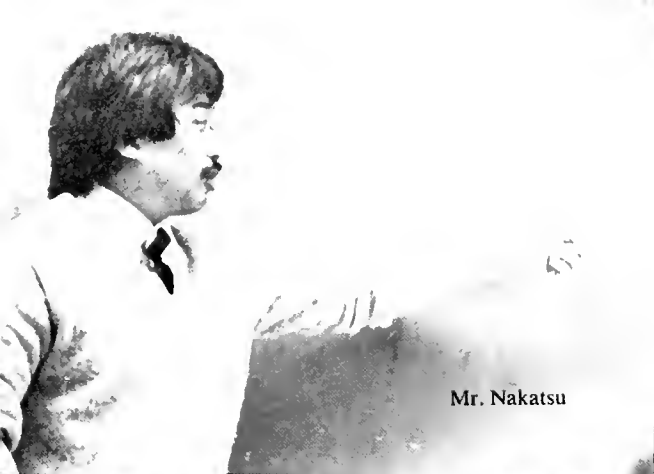
Fr. Pegler



Mr. Stevenson



Mr. Marchese



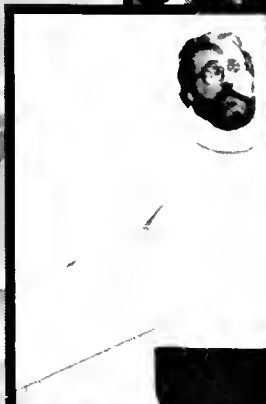
Mr. Nakatsu



Mr. Birkett



Mr. D'arcy



Mr. Donia



Mrs. Keresteci



Mr. Love



Miss Thompson



Miss Andrew



Mr. Allen



Mr. Turvey



Fr. Michael



Dr. Barish



Mrs. McCrory



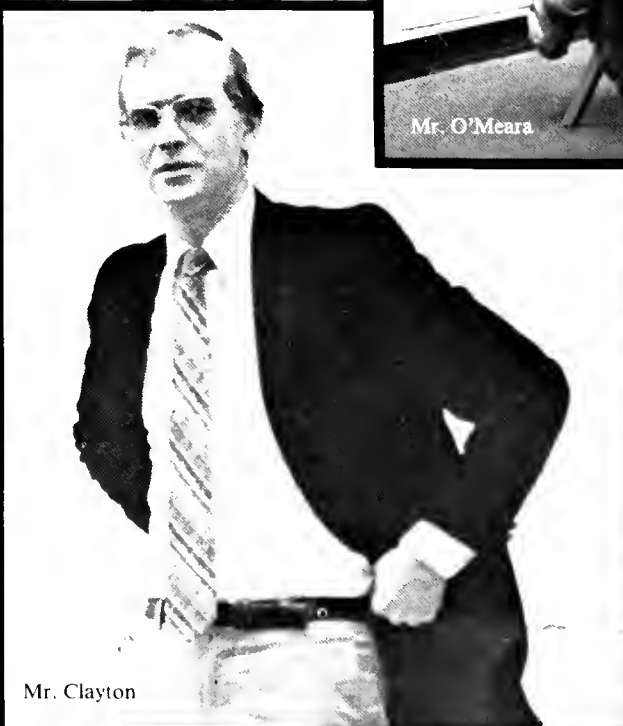
Cal



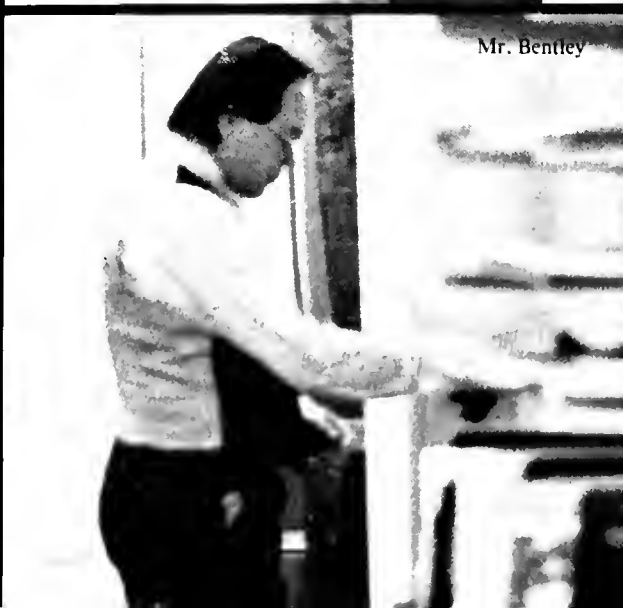
Mr. O'Meara



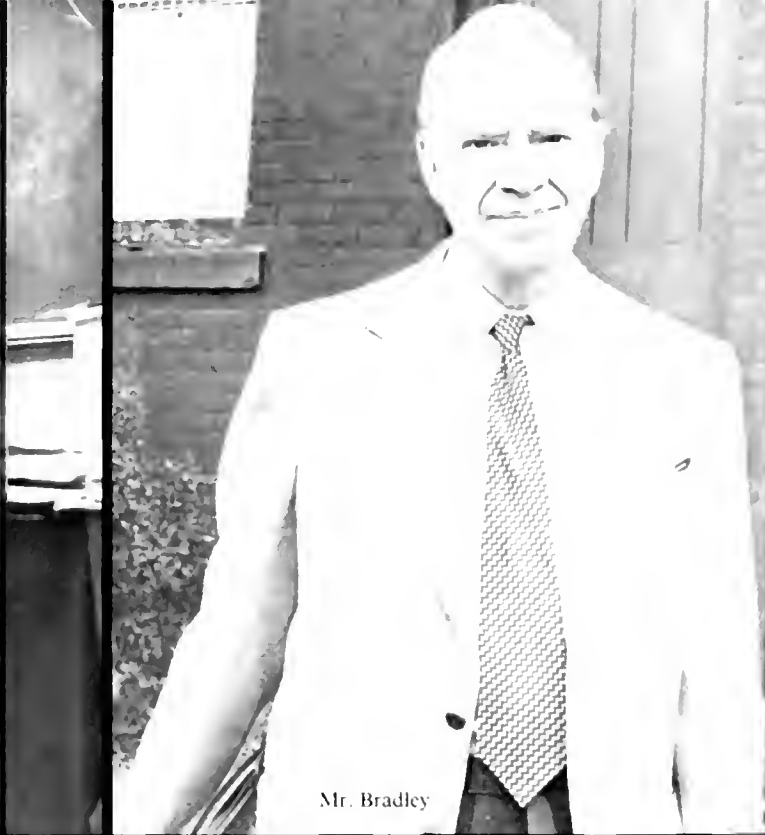
Mr. Rutherford



Mr. Clayton



Mr. Bentley



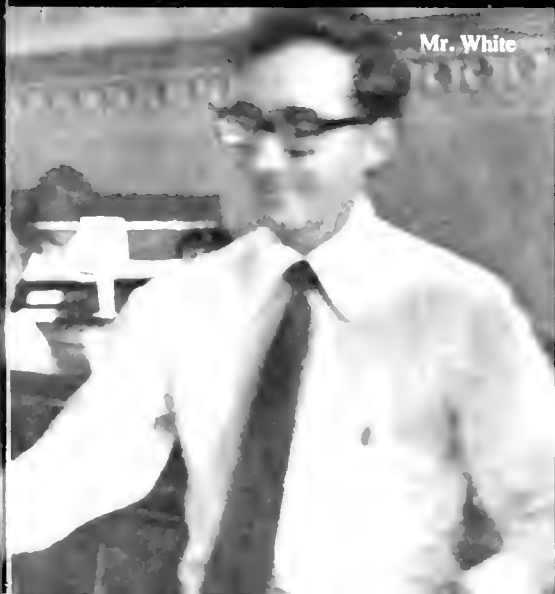
Mr. Bradley



Mr. Demierre



Mr. Adams



Mr. White





# TWELVE-H



BACK ROW: D. Elsley, R. Jensen, S. Lee, A. Merrick, B. Routledge, G. Morphy, G. Lee, M. Yelle.  
MIDDLE ROW: A. Gray, S. McMath, D. Woollcombe, A. Abouchar, R. Taylor, S. Lyon, E. Pringle.  
FRONT ROW: A. Czegledy-Nagy, T. Jewell, W. Jackes, D. Burrows, A. Pape, R. Taylor.

When I sat down to do the yearbook class profile for 12H, I thought: "what do most people look for in a write-up?" The answer: some mention of themselves. Therefore, Abouchar, Burrows, Woollcombe, Pringle, Yelle, Taylor, Morphy, Elsley, Routledge, Gray, Jewell, Jackes, Pape, Conforzi, Lee <sup>2</sup>, Czegledy-Nagy, Knight, Merrick, McMath, Jensen, Lyon.

I would like to relate some humorous anecdotes, but none come to mind. In fact, I can't even come up with a good line with which to nail Mr. Haslett to the wall. All I can think of is the good

feeling 12H has. It is not content to sit back and watch. Students from 12H are involved in all aspects of St. George's: First Hockey, Basketball, and Soccer teams; student government, track, debating, school newspaper, cross-country, and the various other sports and clubs. Those who do not compete still participate by cheering and encouraging. All I can say is 12H is the way a class should be. We try to make St. George's as exciting and interesting as possible. We are truly a part of the school.

A. Gray





Guess who



# TWELVE-W



BACK ROW: M. Wynn, F. Clokie, A. Howard, J. Latimer, I. Crassweller, D. Gordon, J. Brebner, A. LeFeuvre.  
 MIDDLE ROW: R. Anthony, A. Walker, P. Hawkins, K. Smith, S. Lewis, A. Wilson, T. Watson.  
 FRONT ROW: P. Frampton, S. Hayes, W. Walters, M. Kostiuk, D. Wood, J. Taylor, C. Golding, D. Batten.  
 ABSENT: S. Armes.





Mr. Wilson shakes his head, slowly and pathetically, as he watches his confused group, referred to as 12W, trying to assemble in the pews. The Lord's name is repeatedly being used in vain, by one particular voice new to St. George's. Our foreign representative closes quietly to himself. The Tea Club giggles. The jocks warm up their voices in preparation for singing as loudly, as mindlessly and as obnoxiously as is humanly possible. Our basketball player is relating funny stories - the same ones heard last year, the year before, and the year before that. There is a shriek of "really, really, RE-AL-L-Y!" as the owner of that voice is lifted bodily and hurtled to his seat. The class hick, a name he is violently opposed to and does his best to change, arrives. He is followed by his colleague, who is muttering something about his late night out, with his good friend Ken. Finally, the lush arrives, disoriented as always, and now we are as ready as we ever will be. The music begins, and our very own future Archbishop strides up the aisle leading the choir. Mr. Wilson, still shaking his head sadly, sighs, makes one more ineffectual endeavor to exert authority, then turns, and makes his exit. I wonder how long next year's master will last before he gives up? We're not going to change, but that's all right - what a boring bunch we'd be if we did.



# ELEVEN - L



BACK ROW: G. Hodjera, S. Bolton, C. Magyar, G. Rideout, S. Gabbidon, D. Tanovich, N. Norman, W. Henry.  
MIDDLE ROW: J. Matthews, A. Swinden, D. Lyon, S. Lambert, J. Thompson, W. Ross, G. Petkovich.  
FRONT ROW: M. Valentine, C. Alexander, A. Pace, J. Murray, J. Stephenson, M. Rose, H. Koch, D. Brake.





It was 8:40 on a weekday morning and Eleven - I. was preparing itself for a new day of school with "Loco" love's history class. First, however, it was time for ... THE STUDENT COUNCIL REPORT! Presented by our genial host Mr. Jamie Thompson. After the class had been coerced into silence by Mr. Love's customary demand for quiet, Jamie assumed the first of his many temporary personalities, that of Mr. Wilson.

"Ah, if you don't mind, I'd appreciate a little cooperation. First, we have the Lunch report. We will not be allowed to leave the school grounds this year. Any comments on this would be appreciated."

Nearly the whole class began to talk at once. Jamie asked S.B. to put forth an opinion but he was drowned out by the crowd. A further wrathful bellow from Mr. Love silenced them. S.B., staunch crusader for classroom civil rights delivered an impassioned speech in defence of the freedom of movement, with the backing of the entire class. That is except for one. As nothing more appeared to be said on the matter, Jamie attempted to end the meeting, but one hand was raised. It was yours truly, pragmatic spokesman for the status quo. Then came George Hodjera, the eternal moderator. When he had finished, the class again erupted into frenetic discussion. During the ensuing confusion, a group of frustrated computer scientists consulted their guru, Koch, for advice. George Hodjera was now chatting with S.B. between mouthfuls of glossettes. Jamie was criticizing me for expressing my "intellectual" views in class without general support, and Lambert, the inscrutable, then attacked me. The bell rang, and, as per plan, another history period had expired without the smallest bit of history.

D. Brake



"Alright gentlemen, in your seats please."

# ELEVEN-N



BACK ROW: R. Cattell, P. Hawkins, G. Martin, C. Pelz, K. Eden, D. Richardson.  
MIDDLE ROW: H. McKeown, D. Fiala, A. Marcilio, B. Lomax, S. Istvan, T. Palo, J. Rusica.  
FRONT ROW: P. Mann, R. Benzie, S. Bindon, S. McLelland, G. Egan, M. Clarke, L. Hiraki.

## In 10 YEARS FROM NOW 1992

Bindon, Scott - chief of snow removal, Air Canada hanger No. 12. Hopes to graduate to fuel depot manager at T.I.A.

Cattell, Roger - Professor of Oriental languages at the University of Michigan.

Clarke, General, Mark-Canadian chief of military operation in El Salvador. Youngest Canadian general ever.

Egan, Graeme - Designer of the new Boeing 787. Top engineer in his field. Resides in Seattle Wa.

Fiala, Chief, Drew - Montreal chief of police. Has cut crime in half by joining the Mafia course. Probably Canada's richest policeman.

Hawkins, The Right Honourable, Paul-Recent addition to the new minority Tory Government of Peter Lougheed.

Garson, Ian - History teacher at a strict private school in Toronto.

Lomax, Brian - Leader of the "Anarchist" party. This party has no point of view and is a figment of his imagination.

Marcilio, Alexei - Ticket taker at the Imperial Six theatre. Noted for his ability in tearing tickets and getting underaged people into trouble.

Palo, Sir Thomas - Canada's top diplomat to the Soviet Union. The Quiet man at the top.

Pelz, Chris - Host of the tonight show. Succeeded Johnny Carson in 1989. NBC recently signed him to a reported \$500,000 contract per episode.

Richardson, David - President of Ralph Lauven "Polo" Inc. Dave recently received the lucrative "preppy" line.

Hiraki, Lester - recently purchased IBM LTD. believed to have made his money in software for homecomputers.







The "quick fix."



# TEN-C



BACK ROW: J. Cimba, S. Merrick, J.P. Pilon, N. Voerman, P. Bird, A. Culverwell.  
 MIDDLE ROW: T. Hanley, J. Magyar, J. Moore, P. Thomson, A. Fogden, M. Gare, G. Hunt, S. Kent.  
 FRONT ROW: P. Cameron, D. Clyde, J. Ramage, G. Gilbert, W. McCausland, I. Jones, F. Freuhauf, A. Nazami.

Here are the future's of 10-C according to the "National Enquirey." Jamie M. is the editor of Scientific America and hosts the Twilight Zone as Rod Serling's successor. Peter C. is the top egg at the Acme Egg Farm, and likes to be called the "Big E". Tony H., a successful lawyer, is the alleged head of the Mafia, known as "the Italian Stallion." Mike G. and Amin N. are mercenaries in the Somalian jungle, Amin was late getting there. Scott M. is a male model in California and possesses a few Mr. Atlas Titles. (Lord) Peter Thompson owns a popcorn cart on Yonge and Bloor, and is a part-time C.N. Tower window washer. D.J. Clyde is an American truck driver, handle "Disco D.J." owns a chain of Urban Cowboy shops. Nils V. teaches English pronunciation at Oxford U. Jeff R. owns a weasel farm, head weasel. Gregor G. is Hawkman, superhero of 21st Century. Peter B. is a barber at an Indian reserve, specializing in Mowhawks. John C.

tried for N.F.L. but only made it as far as a peanut salesman in the Astrodome. William M. is the manager of the Flin Flon Beckers, Manitoba. Alex F. plays third string for the Flin Flon Flyers; works part-time at Bill's Beckers. Nicknamed "Dorrel Dunkins", Graham H. is the all-time winner of the annoying "go around and punch everybody" Contest. Jean-Paul P. is the leader of leftist French Revolutionist in Quebec. John M. is head of the Bomber Squad and part-time neurotic. Tony C. is an experienced counsellor at the Drug Crisis Centre. Simon K. has been bankrupt five years because of the urge to play video games. Fred F. is host of Bowling for Bowlcuts. And last and least poor Paul S. was sensuously suffocated by Dolly Parton's 9 to 5's. As for Mr. D'Arcy, he stands on Sable Island as a lighthouse, helped by Fogden and Cimba. Ian Fowler (class prefect) is the head of Linda Lovelace Lingerie and Leather Works.



"If you don't mind!"





“OK now, seats please ...”

“If you don’t mind ...”

“Well, Becauuuuuuse ...”

These expressions are heard many times in 10S. Of the many things we do, imitating Mr. Armitage, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Donn are the three we enjoy most. Sometimes Jeremy Graham will put on his English accent and grace us with his Fr. Pegler impersonation.

These talents come in handy when you’d least expect it. To raise money for the United Way we sold light bulbs while imitating our favourite teachers, shooting our sales sky high. We’re all such swell cards.



“Nobody knows the trouble I’ve seen.”



BACK ROW: D. Dembroski, C. Osborne, G. Skarbek-Borowski, P. Allison, C. Leather, G. Kerr, D. Campbell, G. Thomas.  
 MIDDLE ROW: J. Graham, V. Freiberg, A. Mitchell, I. Hardacre, P. Clark, J. Quagin, G. McIersh.  
 FRONT ROW: C. Bramble, K. Kirkpatrick, M. Wang, T. Tanner, J. Eastcott, C. Paul, F. Sharf, D. Mosher



# NINE-A



TOP ROW: C. Robinson, T. Yelle, H. Bolton, D. Martin, G. Paul, J. Chisholm, G. Sutton, H. McKee.  
 MIDDLE ROW: D. Field, E. Fripp, J. Purdon, H. Kent, B. Patterson, B. Burka, A. Hicks, G. Crabbe.  
 BOTTOM ROW: M. Turner, A. Drillis, R. Morrison, O. David, M. Globe, S. Munn, S. Beatty, J. Durish.  
 ABSENT: A. McCully.

This has been an eventful year for the denizens of Rm. 5. Among the many incidents which somehow helped to sustain hope in the stout hearts of Form 9A during the year were the X-rated version of Macbeth presented by Mr. Kerr (Why did you keep on giggling, sir?), the variously unflattering comparisons of certain people's IQ's with their shoe sizes, the time Mr. Walker explained to us exactly how he was going to destroy the earth, and the in-house sales party held in the prefect room (Where, by the way, a record Canadian sale of manacles and leather goods was recorded!). The further adventures of 9A can only be revealed under penalty of death.

E. Fripp







# NINE - W



BACK ROW: M. Poth, P. Martin, G. Betts, S. McLellan, D. Hall, T. Denison, I. Pattinson, D. Read.  
MIDDLE ROW: J. Maiguashca, D. Roode, G. Brown, S. Videbak, D. Milne, A. Crysdale, P. Smith.  
FRONT ROW: J. Harty, D. Direnfeld, B. Earle, C. Fowler, J. Chrus, N. Golding, R. Nicholls, T. Verbie.  
ABSENT: I. Campbell.

Every class in this school has a few characteristics to call it's own. Nine-W is no exception. Almost every morning, Rohan is late. We don't ever bother putting him on the late slip anymore. Or take the case of our fearless leader, Mr. Walker: if he doesn't get in at least twice a month, we begin to welcome the spring. Perhaps John will be caught with a few twenty dollar bills. "Oh, come on Chrus" is a famous expression at lunch time outside the truck.

I'll bet that if you have seen any movie, Pard has seen it as well. His Stanley Kubrick speeches have been heard by all.

The most famous competition of 9W is that of Mike and Barton in Latin. They must be about fifty-five

exercises ahead of anybody else.

At break, there are certain groups talking about certain things. Mike, Dave and David have been known to talk non-stop about Led Zeppelin for hours! Andy goes on and on about skis! Juan Carlos is continually babbling about hockey. He's our resident bookie! Geoff's P.C. campaigns are sighed at by everyone. Tim and Dave are usually in the corridor eating their lunch ... at 10:30! Harty is chased around the room daily by Pete, Svend, Tim and assorted others.

In conclusion, I would like to thank the class ... assorted as it may be ... for a good year in 9W at St. George's. Thanks guys!

Dave Read



CC 1000000000



# EIGHT - B



BACK ROW: A. MacEachern, P. Istvan, D. MacRitchie, D. Cornwall, F. Murray, G. Quesnelle, D. Crawford, S. Riley.  
MIDDLE ROW: C. Loudon, R. Devry, J. Sayers, S. Johnson, J. Freyman, B. Sanchez, S. Jones, M. Woolcombe, R. White, Mr. J. Birkett.  
FRONT ROW: M. Vining, J. Ashley, V. Natali, P. Sturdee, W. Tinmouth, B. Harmer, M. Henry, S. Reinhard.  
ABSENT: T. Walters.

The day starts when we stumble into the locker room in small groups. One or two confused people realize their homework was not done and attempt to cram it in.

"Gossip", cries Doug Cornwall and a group of hungry listeners crowd around to hear the latest news.

Assembly is next and we become a rushing hoard climbing the stairs to Ketchum Hall. Half of us catch a slight nap or talk rather than listen to Doctor Barlow. When it's finished we go back to our classroom for French.

"You people talk too much and it must stop!", cries Mr. Birkett.

"It's not that bad! Is it?", Woolcombe defends.

"Yes it is, many masters have told me this and I agree.", counters Mr. Birkett.

Exciting! C.K. now with Father Michael. We return to our usual selves talking and throwing books.

"Will you please be quiet for the last time!?", pleads Father Michael as his face turns to the colour of our blazers.

"Do you have History now?", asks Mr. Bradley.

"No, Sir!", is the answer from twenty-seven angelical faces.

"Yes you do, you're down on my timetable.", says a puzzled Mr. Bradley.

"We thought it was Friday!", replies Reinhard.

"That's a nice suit, Sir.", starts someone and a shower of comments erupt praising our History teacher. Break is the cry as everyone pours out of the classroom.

"Alright guys outside with the food.", states Mr. Rutherford.

"I don't ...", begins Johnson with a peanut butter sandwich halfway

in his mouth. "Sheeshk!", exclaims Mr. Rutherford. "Outside!"

As the bell rings five minutes too late we all rush in and sit on our orange coloured seats. We wait reasonably quietly as Mr. Bradley finishes his political arguments with Robert Devry. As the thirty-five minute period which seemed like two hours ended, we relaxed and changed John Sayer's usual briefcase combination.

Now came Science with Mr. Donn. As usual we all scrambled to the midget sized desks. Before we knew it Mr. Donn was yelling for the attendance. Blank faces peered around as a stunned Sean Riley stumbled over the desks with a torn and sweaty attendance paper. Minutes passed as Stephen Johnson's scientific questions were answered.

The period was over with Mr. Donn's expression quite relieved. We stumbled over to the junior school for our lunch. As usual there was always one 8B idiot that would try to sneak buying a lunch off Joe before grace and Dr. Barlow would torture the student and would not be seen for a while.

While this was going on the lunch inside Ketchum Hall was a horrible sight. Andrew MacEachern, making sure no teachers were in sight, yells, "Food Fight!" Oranges, apples, bananas, and peanut butter sandwiches at high speeds go sailing through the air when Mr. Birkett walks in not to give out detentions but the "never done duty", as we call it.

The late bell once again signals the start of the afternoon.

Justin Ashley  
and Michael Henry



"Yes Mr. Birkett. Heh, to say the least!"





BACK ROW: A. Montgomery, G. Ash, M. Anson-Cartwright, R. Cameron, M. Hodjera, A. Gilbert, G. White, D. Allison.  
 MIDDLE ROW: J. Wheeler, T. McHugh, K. Neville-Smith, P. Rea, S. Henshaw, D. Hewlett, G. McVey, J. Mueller, M. Rutherford.  
 FRONT ROW: N. MacDonald, I. Poon, A. Gorman, I. DelPozo, J. Flynn, J. Newman, K. Thompson, I. Garrard.



She's pretty!







B-o-o-o-ring!

## EIGHT - R

Once upon a time on a Friday afternoon, the highlight of every week, there was the re-creation of World War I. The ammunition part of this war was unlike any other. It contained paper balls, smarties, and glossettes.

This war consisted of two major parts. One, the art class and the other, everybody's worst half hour, chapel.

It all started after lunch in what everybody thought would be a typically boring art class until someone shot a paper ball into the orbit of the class and someone else winged a smartie across the room. This started a full-fledged war, one half of the class against the other. This half of the war finally ended when a big glossette hit the paper in front of Mr. Birkett's nose.

The second half of the war started when Mr. Ruthertford announced that it was time to go to chapel! When in chapel everybody started talking, even Mr. Ruthertford himself. Mr. Ruthertford then announced the hit hymn for the week, number one on the charts, hymn number four hundred and seventy-seven, Hail the Day That Sees Him Rise by Chislehurst and the Alleluias. This part of the war was eventually broken up by Dr. Barlow. Talk about World War I over! What an Afternoon.

Dave Allison  
Bruce Chapple



How do you write so fast?

# SEVEN-M



BACK ROW: I. Voermann, G. Thompson, S. Hatcher, G. Albrecht, D. Baldwin, D. MacDonald, B. Brown.  
MIDDLE ROW: T. MacKay, R. Harrison, M. Fowler, D. Keogh, T. Logan, M. Purdon, D. Lichaz, D. Bowen.  
FRONT ROW: D. Sturdee, S. Woolard, J. McLean, A. Melnick, C. Bull, P. Wake, J. Field, P. Laflair, N. Rodmar.

## A DAY IN THE LIFE OF 7M



7M is the school's worst class. We make every teacher start pulling out his hair. (Mr. Stevenson just grows more.)

The day starts off with everyone freezing outside and then, if the heating works, sizzling inside. When Mr. Marchese comes in he hollers, "Sit down guys, and take out your homework." Doctor Barlow says "Please gentlemen, sit down." When Mr. Stevenson comes in, everyone yells "Hail Herb!" (Of course before Mr. Stevenson gets a word in.)

French class is fun, because people get killed. Every day, Mr. Fraser joins a fight. Mr. Smith likes to "chat" with people one hour after school. Doctor Barlow picks people up by their hair causing severe pain. Mr. Stevenson's Motto is "What's the use of coming to school unless it is painful?" (He puts this to good use when he stuffs people in Cuisinart machines.) Mr. Stevenson also likes to eat roast student with sweet and sour sauce a la carte with cyanide and rat poison. Mr. Fraser's family consists of Father Fraz, Mother Frazzette, and Daughter Frazzle. Not to forget Mr. Birkett; he's a nice guy, he never kills anyone because he thinks his lunch might be sabotaged if he does.

A private note to Mr. Stevenson: please do not show this to any other human (and don't show it to Woolard either).

Have a happy day!

Voermann



"Hail Herbie!"



BACK ROW: W. Fripp, A. Armstrong, J. Hess, S. Suntok, B. MacDonald, G. Edward, C. Friesen.  
 MIDDLE ROW: C. Carter, R. Kosich, T. Woodruff, R. Needham, D. Demierre, F. Hore, D. Cunningham, A. Chow.  
 FRONT ROW: S. Fennell, A. Nicholls, K. Thompson, A. Carty, J. Harley, V. Mehra, R. Dixon, C. Harper.

"Beam in space cadet Hore, do you read me; did you say Malton?" - a typical day in French class. It would start like this. Mr. Fraser would walk in and MacDonald would make some unearthly comment and Mr. Fraser would belt him or say something about Malton. Following that we would take up some French homework. Mr. Fraser would ask Hore, who would be dreaming about being on an island with Bo Derek, to beam in and answer the question. After this it would be quite boring and everybody would talk a little and fool around. The bell would ring and Mr. Fraser would yell at MacDonald.

Tony Woodruff



S  
E  
V  
E  
N  
-  
S



# GRADE SIX



BACK ROW: A. Cullen, T. Lissamen, S. Saunderson, T. Rapanos, M. Gallop, N. Nussbaumer, J. Marsh, C. Kodama, E. Loo.  
 MIDDLE ROW: R. Macey, P. LePiane, P. Vaillancourt, J. Morgan, J. Julian, P. Brebner, M. Lee, C. Jacobs, Mr. G. O'Meara.  
 FRONT ROW: G. Goodwin, G. Bolton, R. Clarkson, G. Crate, D. Vernon, A. VanNostrand, E. Hanley, A. Massey, D. White.

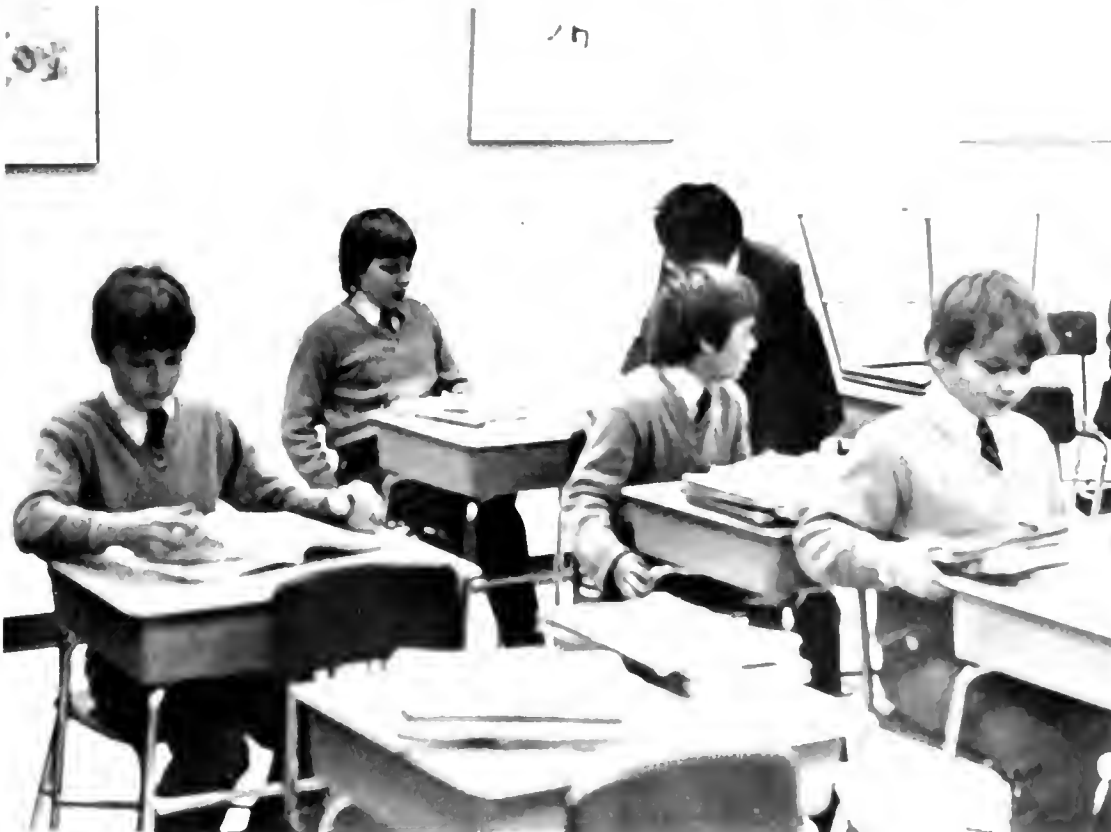






Another day of school comes to a start and the grade six class walks into the classroom. During math period three people fall asleep, including Mr. O'Meara! Suddenly someone knocks at the door. It's a grade twelve, probably one of the people that are trying desperately to program the Business Game. The bell goes and everyone jumps up. Mr. O'Meara assigns the usual twenty pages of homework. I feel very glad because today we only have to do the first fifty questions on each page. As the day slowly goes by I am glad that we only have five detentions. When the final bell goes everyone storms out the door ready to have fights in the locker room. At about 6:30 everyone leaves the school with sore hands from writing the detentions. Everyone wants to start behaving but nobody can tell with Grade 6.

M. Lee



# GRADE FIVE



BACK ROW: E. Kaspar, M. Kovrig, G. Petkovich, S. Dasgupta, J. Rea, G. Fisher.  
 MIDDLE ROW: C. Wheler, H. Harshaw, R. Burgess, M. Nobbs, K. Gerulath, G. Anderson, J. Singh, C. Doulis, Mr. D. Smith.  
 FRONT ROW: T. Rodomar, A. Delph, J. Zeidman, G. Angell, H. Prichard, A. Siu, A. Golding, D. Barclay, S. Baines.  
 ABSENT: C. Munro.



## TEACHERS' TORTURES



In the middle of math class on Friday the 13th when Mr. Smith was taking the math test, Chris Munro started to fiddle in his desk and Geoff and Graham started silently passing notes. Mr. Smith saw Geoff and Graham passing a note and he cast an evil grin across his face and wound up and took a shot at Geoff. Geoff ducked and looked beside him and saw a chip in the plaster. The class had started to giggle, but now there was silence, except for Chris who was still fiddling in his desk.

We were on the eleventh question when Mr. Smith asked Munro a question. Munro looked up and Mr. Smith was smiling at him. It was an easy question: "What is the square root of 144?" Munro scratched his head as if he was not listening to him. He paused for at least a minute and then answered 6. Mr. Smith picked up a chalk eraser and hit Chris between the eyes and his face was powdery white. The bell went and Mr. Turvey walked in. When Mr. Smith walked out Baines started laughing at Mr. Turvey's tie (Mr. Turvey was grumpy). French was going fine until Graham started reading a book by Judy Blume. The class was very quiet and everyone was looking at Graham. He did not notice that people were looking at him. Mr. Turvey was smiling at Graham. After sixteen taps Graham looked up and Mr. Turvey said "come up here." Graham got up and took sixteen swats with Mr. Turvey's paddle-the one that gives splinters.

This is how we learned some of the teachers' tortures.

Chris Munro, Graham Fisher,  
Geoff Angell



# GRADE FOUR



BACK ROW: J. Moore, J. Peters, P. Singh, M. Perren.

MIDDLE ROW: C. Sievet, P. Shirer, M. Thompson, M. Johnson, C. Yelle, M. Giddy, R. Kahlon.

FRONT ROW: T. Giri, A. Macgillivray, C. Woolard, R. Vile, C. Corstine, R. Dutoit, C. Wahl, M. Cheang.





## TOPSEY TURVEY

### Chapter 1 - Going to the Zoo ...

"Hey! stop bus! sto-op!" cried Granny as he ran after the bus. After he ran for a hundred millimetres, the bus finally stopped; Granny got on.

"That was a long run." he said, tired and worn out.

"To you it would be." I said as he sat down beside me. We finally got there. He asked me a question.

"Where was the tiger after he blew out the candle?"

"Somewhere." said 007, before I could say a word.

"No. He was in the dark!" Granny said.

"Well why did you ask if you knew the answer?" 007 asked.

"It's a riddle for ketchup and mustard's sake!" he said.

### Chapter 2 - Ants

As we were going around the zoo, Charles suddenly shouted "Ants!" He was by a very large anthill.

"Charles, get away from there!" Mr. Turvey roared.

"Okay," Charles said glancing back at the anthill. Secretly, he caught ten ants. He put them in Mr. Turvey's pants. Suddenly Mr. Turvey let out a large "Yeow" and went running around the zoo.

"Who put these ants in my pants?" he demanded after he stopped running.

"You're a poet and don't know it," said Robbie K.

Then we all laughed, and Mr. Turvey gave us a detention.

Tushin Gori

# SPORTS







# FIRST SOCCER



BACK ROW: C. Finnegan, R. Allison, K. Clarke, F. Clokie, M. Yelle, K. Smith, A. Merrick, H. McKeown, R. Anthony, J. Brebner, A. Birozes, Mr. Ackley.  
FRONT ROW: M. Rose, A. Marcilio, A. Wilson, A. Czegledy-Nagy, R. Cattell, D. Smith.





You know the old motto which everybody always associates with the post office, the one about "Neither rain, nor snow, nor gloom of night will stay these couriers from their appointed rounds." It goes something like that, anyway it's not really the motto of the postal service, it's merely wishful thinking. Perhaps this motto would be, with a few changes, better applied to the members of the year's first soccer team, whose determination and generally tough spirit was unhindered by even the worst of playing conditions; like rain, or snow, or mud, or even gloom of night. It is unfortunate that our record does not demonstrate more clearly the amount of effort which was put into the season by players and coach alike; we had several close games against tough teams like S.A.C. We had one win, one tie, and the occasional loss. Our win came in a return match against the French School. This however was not the high point of the season. The highlight came when we tied Trinity in the last game of the season. I think everyone would agree that the team worked hard and with a hard core of veterans like Anthony Birozes, Conal Finnegan, Fraser Clouke and Rob Anthony, and with great goaltending from Tony Wilson and rookie talent like Mark Yelle, Rob Allison and several others we had a good season. Again, thanks to Mr. Ackley for helping to make us a team.

K. Clarke



# UNDER 16 SOCCER



BACK ROW: Mr. R. Walker, D. Dembroski, S. Kent, C. Leather, A. Mitchell, J. Purdon, O. David.  
FRONT ROW: K. Kirkpatrick, M. Valentine, P. Shirer, A. Drillis, J. Durish, A. Hicks, S. Munn.  
ABSENT: J. Cimba.



The boys of Under 16 soccer, were full of enthusiasm, hope and good sportsmanship. This was proven throughout the soccer season. Even though the games were close, we were not able to pull off many victories. Yet, even when we were behind, the team never gave up. They gave their best until the very end.

Overall, the performance of the entire team, with help from Mr. Walker, helped make the year's soccer team an exciting and enjoyable one.

John Cimba

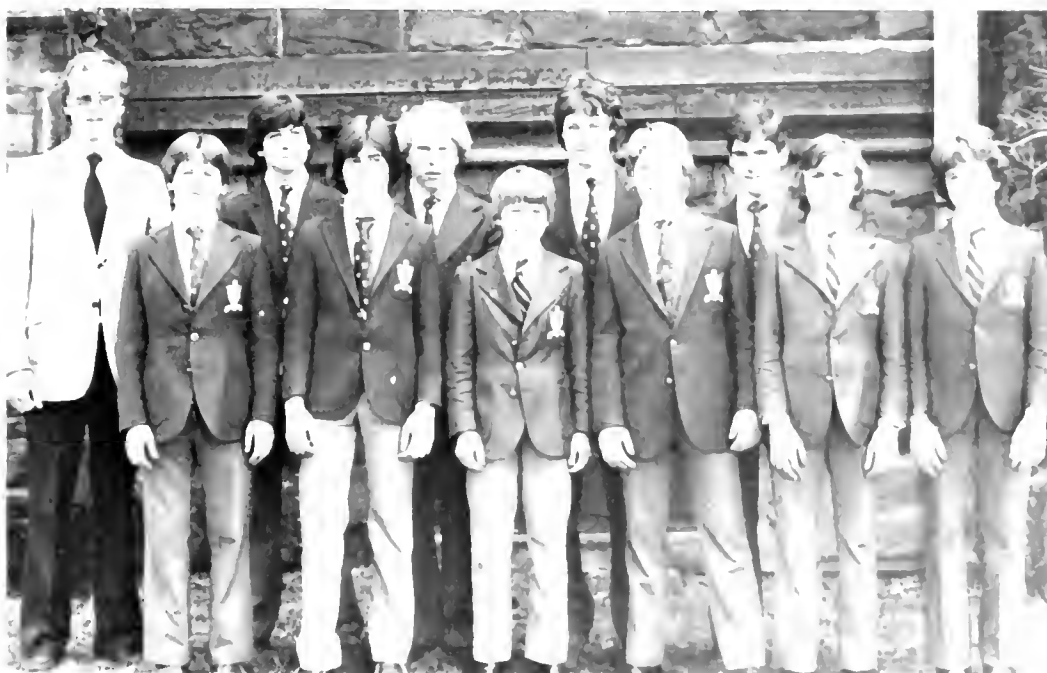


## UNDER 14 SOCCER



BACK ROW: Mr. Rutherford, M. Lee, S. Saunderson, M. Rutherford, J. Hames, J. Marsh, G. Anderson, G. Fischer, R. Burgess.  
FRONT ROW: C. Munro, R. Clarkson, A. Nicholls, G. Angel, D. White, N. Rodomar, G. Goodwin.

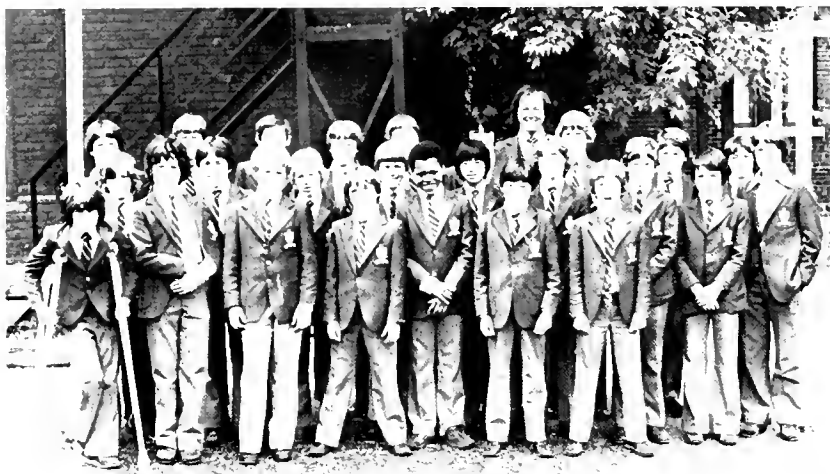
## UNDER 15 SOCCER



BACK ROW: Mr. Clayton, I. Pardon, D. Dembroski, A. Mitchell, O. David  
FRONT ROW: I. Durish, K. Kirkpatrick, C. Bull, S. Munn, A. Dicks, B. Clapp



# UNDER 13 SOCCER



FRONT ROW: G. Goodman, P. Brebner, S. Sanderson, G. Angell, A. Carty, P. Laflare, D. White.

MIDDLE ROW: A. Nichols, P. Vaiencourt, K. Thompson, C. Bull, A. Chow, J. Marsh, T. Lissaman, A. Cullen, R. Needham.

BACK ROW: A. Armstrong, G. Thompson, S. Suntok, F. Hore, C. Friesen, D. Keogh, Mr. Smith, M. Purdon, W. Tinmouth, S. Rinhart.

The words to describe the Under 13 soccer team are ... we'll get to that later. We played quite well this year making up for last year's team.

Our first two games were played against Crescent where we won and tied. This gave us high hopes for the Soccer Tournament at Appleby College in Oakville. Our last game in Toronto before we left for the tournament was against the mighty St. George's Vancouver team. What a game! Both teams played exceptionally well. The final score was 0-0. The only way they defeated us was in goalposts by 2-0.

We went into the tournament strong and confident but left in fifth place. The only two teams we lost to were the two teams that made the finals.

The remaining games in Toronto were played extremely well - that is the ones we won.

"I've got it!" The words to describe the Under 13 Soccer team are confident and filled with great team spirit.

Steve Reinhard  
Ferdinand Poon







TOP ROW: Mr. R. Fraser, A. Gray, R. Anthony, T. Watson, B. Jackes, A. LeFleuve, S. Daly, H. Brown, R. Jenson, P. Anthony.  
 BOTTOM ROW: R. Taylor, S. McLelland, A. Pace, D. Hall, I. Garrard, D. Reed, J. Matthews, J. Crabbe, I. Campbell.



ISAA JUNIOR CHAMPIONS  
 Mr. R. Fraser, A. Gray, B. Jackes, A. LeFleuve, S. McLelland

# CROSS- COUNTRY

On a cold November afternoon, I rested my bones at the Mug discussing current affairs with my co-horts. Most of us were runners and we preferred not to remember the bone crunching cross-country season we had just finished.

In order to list the glorious results it would be necessary to publish several volumes, thus I will relate only the highlights.

**BELTLINE RELAYS:** Juniors fifth, Seniors Seventh.

**TAYLOR CREEK:** Junior team placed ninth in this Ontario division meet.

**TSSAA WEEKLY MEETS:** Juniors placed first consistantly (Tony Gray, Andy LeFeuvre were second and third weekly).

**ISAA FINALS, Midgets:** second overall; good run by Duncan MacRitchie.

Juniors: won championship with Andy LeFeuvre second, Tony Gray third, Bill Jackes fourth, Scott McClellan seventh, Rob Anthony eighth.

Seniors: third overall (Peter Anthony fifth, Ian Lindsay ninth).

SGC was beating all of ISAA except UCC, our best second overall effort so far.

While the results are good, I feel some humor is in order. Here are some famous quotes from team members.

"What?, you left ALL your shoes on the bus?" (coach Fraz - Boganski)

"Whaddya mean I was suppose to turn left not right?" (Andrew LeFeuvre)

"I can't run today sir, I'm carbohydrate training." (Ian Taylor)

"Aw s\$! - , stop the car. Everybody out!, where are my shoes?" (B. Jackes)

"Sir, I'm going to be late today, I've got a marathon to run after lunch." (P. Anthony)

"You can't start the race now, CHUM is playing a super session" (S. Daly)

No write-up would be complete without mention of the Boganskis (A, C, Billy, marathon, Volvo, Nip, I, Zed, and those unnamed) and Boganski's coach "Fraz". Thanks for your great effort!

Volvo Boganski

# FIRST HOCKEY

This year's First Hockey team can best be described with one of Mr. Wright's famous phrases: "Class is essential for every young man."

Game in and out, every member of the team worked to the best of his ability and, although we did not win many games, we were in all the games in the end. By winning only three games throughout the year, it was very hard to "get up" for three periods of hockey twice a week. But while T.C.S. and Appleby were swinging their sticks and elbows at us, we were always cool and calm (showing that we were truly Georgian).

I thank my two assistant captains, Fraser Clokie and Bill Jackes, for helping me to lead the team and to keep the morale as high as possible under the circumstances. Also, a tremendous amount of credit must go to our superb coach, Dave McMaster, who guided us throughout and made the season a most enjoyable and instructive one. He made us look into ourselves to see what we had left for some third periods and taught us that if you want something badly enough you can get it.

The team (including Elsley) learned a lot this year about the fine game of hockey and also about ourselves. That is what sport is all about. Lastly, this learning would not have been possible if it had not been enjoyable. I can say for the entire First team of '81-'82 that we all had a truly good time and that the season will never be forgotten.

Captain Anthony Birozes



BACK ROW: Coach McMaster, Asst. Coach Scott, T. Jewell, M. Kostiuik, B. Routledge, K. Smith, K. Clarke, C. Hayhoe, M. Vanderheyden, A. Howard, R. Anthony, D. Dembroski, J. Brehner.

FRONT ROW: P. Anthony, D. Smith, B. Jackes, A. Birozes, F. Clokie, H. McKeon, D. Elsley.



# U - 16 HOCKEY

Yes we did it, a perfect season; U-16 hockey went the entire year without winning a game. We achieved the tremendous record of 0-14-2. Despite all the losses there were numerous highlights to the year: John Cimba scored fourteen goals - most of which were assisted by Paul Mann and Paul Shirer. The second line (Bird, Poth and Smith) was a high scoring threat in practice but could not score on many of their numerous chances in the games. The third line (Matthews, Hunt and Kirkpatrick) forechecked with a ferocity that brought fear into the eyes of our opponents. The defence (Hanley, Martin, Gare and Hardacre) played well all season.

The season culminated with a tremendous effort that produced a three-three tie with the old-boys. This horde of elderly St. George's delinquents played with incredible intensity but Mr. Love blasted the tying goal into the corner during the third period.

The entire team wishes to thank Mr. O'Meara for his coaching and for putting up with a team that would not win.

Gord Martin



BACK ROW: J. Matthews, G. Hunt, P. Bird, G. Martin, J. Cimba, M. Gare, Mr. O'Meara.  
FRONT ROW: I. Pattinson, M. Poth, P. Smith, T. Hanley, P. Mann, P. Shirer, P. Cameron.

# UNDER 14 HOCKEY



BACK ROW: Mr. M. Ackley, S. Jones, S. Riley, D. Allison, R. White, S. Henshaw, G. Sutton, F. Murray, D. MacRitchie, K. Neville-Smith.  
 FRONT ROW: G. White, G. Hess, A. Armstrong, D. Bowen, J. Newman, A. MacEachern, S. Fennell.  
 ABSENT: C. Fowler.



"Alright you guys, you played a good game," Mr. Ackley said, as the boys of the team stuffed themselves with doughnuts. "You just had a few weak points."

This year's Under 14 Hockey team had an interesting year. At first, we went to a hockey tournament, in which we placed sixth ... out of six unfortunately; however, we being St. George's boys took our losses graciously.

The regular season was not as bad. We managed to win 3, tie 3, and lose 4 games so that we nearly came out to average. We considered this a great accomplishment compared to the tournament.

Well, you win a few and you lose a few. But we did more than that, we had fun. Thanks, Mr. Ackley, for the great year.

Dave Allison

# UNDER 13 HOCKEY

Even though the team did not win any games, I think we all had lots of fun playing and travelling. We came close in some of the games only losing by one or two goals. We did tie one game against Crescent. The other game against them, we lost 17 - 2. I think some of the help came from three people on the Under 14 team who were 13. Our coach was Mr. Rutherford. At practices without him the prefects took us. When that happened, we had a great time. Geoff Goodwin, our goalie, would come out and challenge at centre. We had a great time and we all thank Mr. Rutherford.

Giles Anderson  
and Geoff Angell



BACK ROW: Mr. G. Rutherford, M. Lee, S. Saunderson, M. Rutherford, J. Hames, J. Marsh, C. Anderson, G. Fisher, M. Burgess.

FRONT ROW: C. Munroe, R. Clarkson, A. Nicholls, J. Angell, D. White, N. Rodomar, G. Goodwin.

ABSENT: S. Hatcher.







# FIRST BASKETBALL



BACK ROW: C. Magyar, A. Wilson, C. Lepiane, A. Abouchar, A. Merrick, J. Mock.  
MIDDLE ROW: Mr. W. Dunkley, I. Crassweller, M. Solby, S. McMath, D. Burrows, N. Norman.  
FRONT ROW: S. Burk, J. Latimer, J. Kosich.

The First Basketball Team was 5 - 9 for the 1981-82 season. If I may borrow a Howard Cossell phrase, "unfortunately the team was decimated by injuries." Team co-captain John "myself I know I'm cool" Kosich only managed one game before breaking his wrist and Andrew "Swish" Merrick was out for a number of games with an ankle injury. The season highlights were Merrick's infamous technical foul, the team's clutch win over Upper Canada as well as spoiling Crescent School's hopes for a championship, with a late season win at Crescent. The squad was led by co-captain Steve "Happy" McMath and Tony "Mr. Baseline" Wilson. Great centre-work was provided by Andrew "but Sir!" Abouchar and Carlo "Scorin' Machine" (late season) LePiane who came on strong in the last three games of the season. Replacements

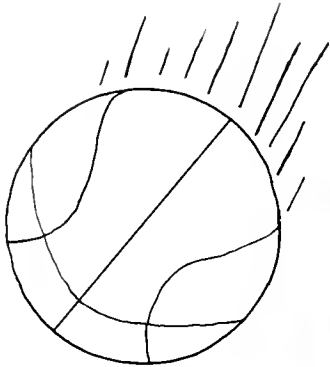
came in the form of David "Don't worry, I'm still growing" Burrows and Marc Solby. David often gave the team the spark they needed to win and Marc often gave them the laugh they needed when they did not. In addition to his superb defence, Marc Solby also wrote the team's yearbook write-up and decided to mention himself three times. The whole team is indebted to coach Wayne "pardon-moi!" Dunkley for his fantastic coaching and Jeff "no Sir I can't come to class, I have to go with the basketball team" Latimer. A great time was had by all at the post-season team party which made up for the nine losses and made the five victories that much sweeter. The motto for next year is "Onward and Upward!".



Marc Solby



# UNDER 16 BASKETBALL



BACK ROW: S. Merrick, P. Allison,  
A. Fogden, B. Lomax, H. Kent.  
MIDDLE ROW: O. David, G. Kerr,  
C. Osborne, G. Egan, S. Istvan, A.  
Mitchell.  
FRONT ROW: J. Durish, S. Beatty.



The Under 16 Basketball season left something to be desired with a 4 - 8 record. Although our start was not very good, our team pulled together to win several well played games. This year's team combined talent from last year's Under 14 and Under 16 teams, as well as some people new to the game. The ISAA Under 16 tournament went very well this year. We won our first game and led for part of the second game but we finally lost to T.C.S. and were eliminated from the tournament. Captains Istvan and Lomax led the team well throughout the year. Stephen Beatty's statistics and organization made the coaching job much easier for Mr. Nakatsu. All the new players, such as Peter Allison, Hal Kent, Owen David,

and Chris Osborne made an excellent reserve for both the defence and offence. The old hands added experience to the squad. Those players were George Kerr, Stewart Istvan, Brian Lomax, Alex Fogden, Jason Durish, Alistair Mitchell and Scott Merrick.

This year sports day was introduced to S.G.C. and it is very helpful in raising the school spirit. And the teams are very thankful to those students' support. Finally, the whole team wishes to thank Mr. Nakatsu for giving up his time to coach the team. To Dr. Doom:

"When I do my slam dunkies, I get the eaties for my wheaties."

Daralell Dunkins



# UNDER 14 BASKETBALL



BACK ROW: C. Loudon, R. Cameron, D. Cornwall, B. Sanchez, G. Quesnelle, T. Walters, Mr. C. D'Arcy.  
FRONT ROW: J. Mueller, P. Rea, P. Istvan, S. Johnson, A. Montgomery, M. Woolcombe.



Our team this year showed great improvement and basketball skill. At the end of the season we were 10-5. Of course we should mention some of the outstanding players: Bernardo Sanchez scored well over 100 points during the season. Doug Cornwall had the highest score in one game with 24 points. Mike Woolcombe supplied the team with junk food on the away games. S. Johnson helped Mike on the long trips. Gilbert Quesnelle dazzled us with his great shots from the top of the key. Tim Walters, with his speed and black Nikes, tore up the floor. Adam Gilbert and Robert Cameron were fatal underneath the boards. On the side of defence, Andrew Montgomery, John Mueller and Pat Rea with their great system of defence stopped the competition at the centre line.

Thanks to the management and the true blue supporting of Craig (Sko) Loudon, without him we would have had a 0-15 season. Thanks also to the coaching and teaching of our coach Mr. D'Arcy.

Peter Istvan

# UNDER 13 BASKETBALL



BACK ROW: Mr. Marchese, C. Cater, D. MacDonald, A. Carty, G. Thompson, L. DelPozo.  
FRONT ROW: P. LePiane, K. Thompson, A. Chow, C. Bull, P. Wake, F. Poon.



"Boards, boards", yelled Mr. Marchese. The Under 13 Basketball Team's season was not a total loss. We had seven wins and eight losses in the regular season. Then came the tournament in Vancouver. The team had lots of success in Vancouver. We won our division and our semi-final to get a birth in the finals. In the finals we gave it our best; but, the Vancouver team was too much for us. There were memorable experiences in various places, like the B.C.

museum of anthropology, downtown Vancouver and Chinatown, where we left our (U.G.H.). Boy, the food was bad!

Also on behalf of the team we would like to thank all the people who made our trip possible and to the people of Vancouver (especially that blonde in the museum!)

Amen!

L. DelPozo and F. Poon



# SKI TEAM



BACK ROW: Mr. R. Walker, G. McLean, L. Weston, S. Merrick, E. Pringle, P. Atonoff.  
FRONT ROW: R. Nicholls, J. Durish, K. Kirkpatrick, A. Crysdale.



We came; we raced - some fell! And then we left in a hurry; but we put forth a good effort.

St. George's went to two ISAA ski meets this year. Both were held at the famous Blue Mountain with lots of snow, plenty of good runs, and a great ski school. The team was not very experienced. Several members had never raced before. As a result we never finished very high in the standings. First and second seemed reserved for the hosts of the two meets, UCC and SAC. I would like

very much to thank Mr. Walker for all his help and encouragement, as well as his van. Next year? Next year we will be great, especially if Andy Crysdale and David Roode ski as well as they did this year. Next year, with more experience, a few people like Scott Merrick, Jason Durish and Kent Kirkpatrick, stolen from other SGC teams, and some more races, perhaps we can finish first.

Eric Pringle



# SWIM TEAM

This year has been the most successful year in the history of the St. George's College swim team. Why you say? Well, I just hate to brag but we whipped TCS, creamed St. Andrew's, Appleby drowned in our waves, and even the historically powerful UCC team had to wrestle us down; but oooh that was a close one! The team has grown bigger and stronger. Our junior team has madly increased with new members who show a promising and successful future. The team has been graced by the addition of two valuable swimmers, Mark and Todd Yelle, who have broken many school swim records. The swimmer that improved the most was Kent Paisley by far.

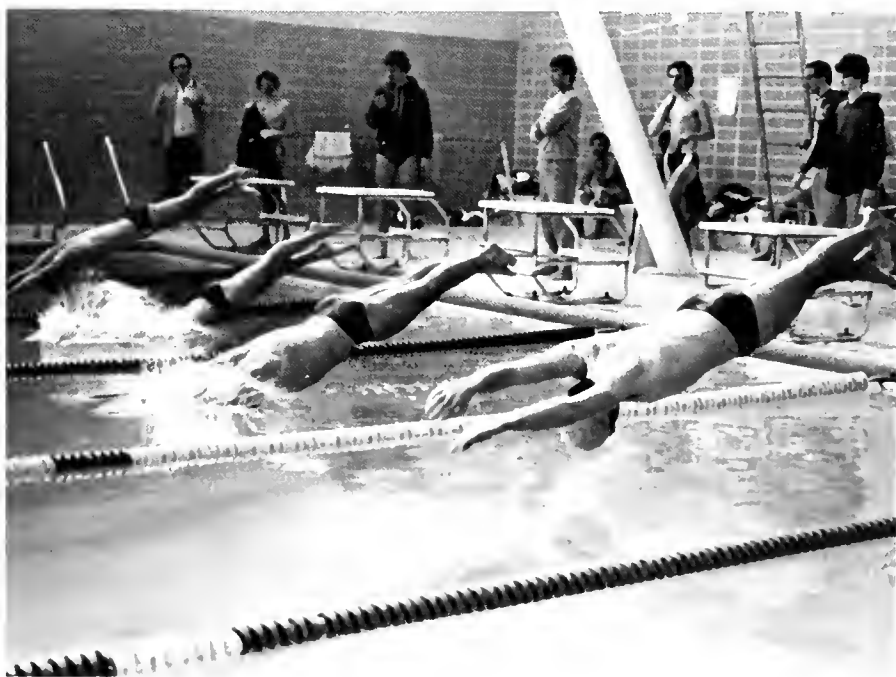
I am really proud to have been the captain for the team this year, not only because of its triumphant success, but most importantly because of its great spirit. We had the most spirit which helped us to out-cheer the other teams. I must say that if there were a prize for "chucking" flutterboards, we would have won three times over. Our aim improved tremendously, since we practiced for the first ten minutes of the practice or until Mr. Kerr arrived.

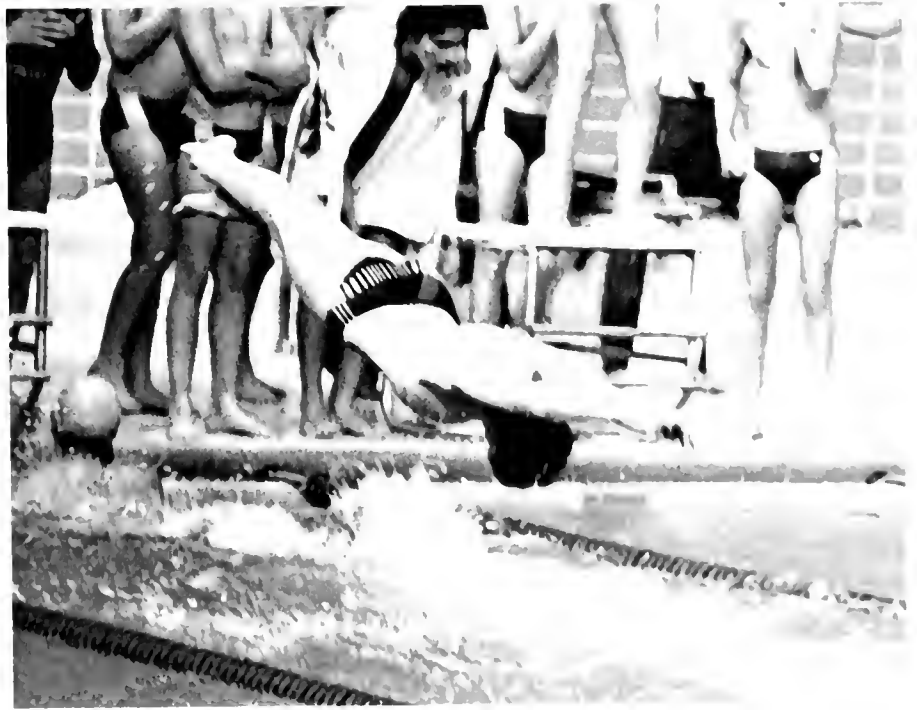
Thanks to the coaching of the almighty Mr. Kerr and the help of Miss Zanter who both helped to make the swim team absolutely the best that it has ever been!

Jim Laforet



BACK ROW: Mr. J. Kerr, Pat Hawkins, S. Daly, K. Paisley, M. Yelle, J. Laforet, C. Whitney, D. Lyon, Paul Hawkins.  
MIDDLE ROW: T. Yelle, J. Sladek, C. Alexander, A. Pace, T. Palo, B. Henry, G. Paul, W. Ross, G. McLeish, Miss R. Zanter.  
FRONT ROW: T. Woodruff, F. Hore, R. Kosich, B. Earle.





# TRACK TEAM



The track team had another very successful year competing in many top quality track meets in addition to the ISAA Final. A small number of runners participated in the York University Invitational Track Meet early in the season where extremely tough competition and bad weather were experienced. Peter Anthony placed third in the 3000 m in the latter of these track meets.

Training continued for most of the team on a part-time basis while the more serious runners trained hard, working toward the ISAA Final. Peter Anthony, Bill Jackes and Tony Gray continued piling on the miles as Rob Anthony, Tim Watson and John Cimba relentlessly ran 400's at Varsity Stadium until they were green.

Again the team ran in a meet against many provincial and national class athletes. On May 1 they ran at the Cornelius Relays at McMaster University in Hamilton. The results were disappointing for most but all the track members learned and gained experience from running against top competition.

The track team had done their training and had had their defeats. They now smelt victory. In the two remaining meets, the Quaker Relays and the ISAA Final, gold was struck more than once. At the Quaker Relays held at Pickering College, a group of four junior runners - Rob Anthony, Tim Watson, Tony Gray and John Cimba turned in a remarkable performance, all running in all four races entered. In each of the following relays: 400-100-100-400, 4 x 200m, 4 x 100m and 100-200-200-400 the team of junior runners reached the final. They blew away all the competition and won the 400-100-100-400. They placed second, second, third respectively in the other three finals.

At the ISAA Final held at St. Mike's track, St. George's College placed fourth, only 35 points out of third place, behind U.C.C., Ridley, T.C.S. In the senior division, Anthony Birozes, Doug Smith, Kevin Smith and Jim LaForet all turned in fine performances in their respective



events. Peter Anthony in warming up for the 3000m placed third in the 1500m with a fine time. In the 3000m, he duelled with a U.C.C. runner for six and a half laps until he raced to victory in the final 400m to win by a comfortable margin.

In the junior division, St. George's dominated many events. Strong performances were by Tim Watson (2nd in 200m, 3rd in 400m), John Cimba, Tony Gray (1st in 1500m), Bill Jackes (3rd in 1500m, a substantial 1st in 3000m). Rob Anthony, the winner of the R.K. Fraser Track Award, ran an incredible 800m finishing 1st. He was less than one second off the ISAA record, running a PB by almost five seconds, and defeating a U.C.C. runner who qualified for the Metro Toronto Regional Final by two seconds. The midget division ran well.

Bill Jackes and Peter Anthony also ran in several road races, placing well in their age division. The entire track team was very successful. This new found success should largely be attributed to those six runners who ran so diligently from March 1 to the final in striving to be first. All six of these guys achieved victory in their best races showing everyone what some serious training can do and that St. George's can be tops with a few more dedicated individuals. Congratulations S.G.C. track team and Good Luck in the future - Go for it! Remember, "Winning isn't the most important thing, it's the only thing."

Peter Anthony



# HOUSE





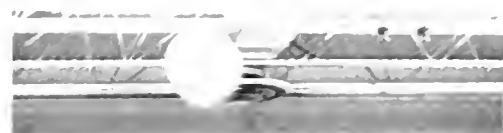


# LEAGUE









The J.L. Wright House Trophy was won by

**WINCHESTER**

# ACTIVITIES







# SENIOR DRAMA

Thursday May 6th, 1982, marked the beginning of a new era for drama at St. George's, for on that day the St. George's College Drama Society (with the patronage of the distinguished British actress Dame Anna Neagle) presented their production of Terence Rattigan's farce, HARLEQUINADE. The play was well received by the audience of two hundred, who clearly appreciated the amount of effort, energy, time and talent put into the production by everybody concerned.

Anyone who has been involved in a drama production will know that there are many people to thank. The obvious place to begin with is the cast. HARLEQUINADE was successful because every member of the company worked hard and enthusiastically, and the weeks spent perfecting performances were rewarded with the audience's laughter and applause. Many of the actors were making their debut in the glittering world of drama at St. George's, and the quality of their performances proved that there is great potential for drama in the school.

Thanks are also due to the backstage crew - stage management, sound and lighting. They did an excellent job, as did Graeme Morphy, our set designer, who worked painstakingly to build us a superb set. He and John Sladek (lighting) gave up many evenings and weekends in preparation for the play. We should not forget to thank Greg Petkovich, who took care of all the Front of House arrangement.

Some people deserve special thanks (and a new paragraph!) for their roles in HARLEQUINADE. Miss Cynthia Morey of the MY FAIR LADY company, an old friend of Father Michael, helped with the make-up and gave valuable advice. Miss Rita Zanter assisted with props and costumes, and provided general enthusiasm. And Father Michael Burgess, our director, inspired all the actors to give a terrific performance, and was responsible for instilling a keen sense of professionalism in us all.

Finally, thanks to all the parents, masters and friends whose undaunting support for our production made all the difference.

Bill Henry  
Stage Manager for cast and crew.



## HARLEQUINADE

Arthur Gosport  
Edna Selby  
Johnny  
Dame Maud Gosport  
Jack Wakefield  
George Chudleigh  
1st Halberdier  
2nd Halberdier  
Miss Fishlock  
Muriel Palmer  
Tom Palmer  
Mr. Burton  
Joyce Langland  
Policeman  
Fred Ingram

Stephen Bolton  
Sean Hayes  
Bruce Patterson  
Jamie Thompson  
Nick Culverwell  
David Brake  
Walden Ross  
Michael Turner  
George Hodgera  
Paul Hawkins  
Andrew Drillis  
David Richardson  
Charlie Fowler  
Chris Crassweller  
Geoff Brown





This year's junior school drama was no exception from previous years of drama. The same kind of pandemonium and confusion has still remained over the years. However the drama group has one person to thank for saving the plays from ruin and this man's name is Mark Stevenson.

During this year of drama new friends have been made and old friendships renewed. Throughout all the pandemonium of rehearsals and rowdiness of the group, one thing still remains that when it comes down to the real performance we all do our best.

Adrian Melnick

## JUNIOR DRAMA



# STUDENTS' COUNCIL



For years I tried to gain a position on the Students' Council. It was not until grade 13 that I was successful. I suddenly found myself elected to its highest position, an honour which I shall always remember. Unfortunately, many of my memories will not be happy ones. To a great extent, I found the past year a struggle from the very beginning. Poor attendance, lack of interest, lack of co-operation, and laziness by both the student body and council members hindered the Students' Council this year. One of the things I did before I wrote this was to read every presidential report since 1970. I discovered that each report either made apologies for things that were not done or looked back on successful dances. Some did both. After considering this, and reflecting on my own recollection of past Students' Councils, I have come to the conclusion that the problems that existed in my year as president were problems that have questioned the role of the Students' Council in our school. Many have suggested that it is simply a social committee whose only function is to put on dances. This scepticism seemed to culminate in our year. It is my belief that the strength of the Students' Council 1982, despite all the problems we experienced, was our ability to meet this scepticism head on. Not only did we try some new and innovative activities, such as sports day and alternate education days, but we also participated in resolving some of the problems we have had. The student body is now well aware of the changes that have taken place in the last year. The Students' Council was very much a part of these changes.

It has been suggested to me that the very fact that there is no longer a Students' Council indicates what kind of job we did. It is true that the Students' Council as we knew it has ceased to exist. However, the spirit of the Students' Council is very much alive. Class representation is still an important part of Student government. We hope that the new system will meet the needs of the students in an efficient and organized

manner. It is important for everyone to realize, however, that a new system will not automatically solve some of the problems in the school. There is not a system in the world that will work without a great deal of hard work and commitment. We have changed the form of government. If you put nothing into student government, you will undoubtedly get nothing out. It is important that you change some of your attitudes.

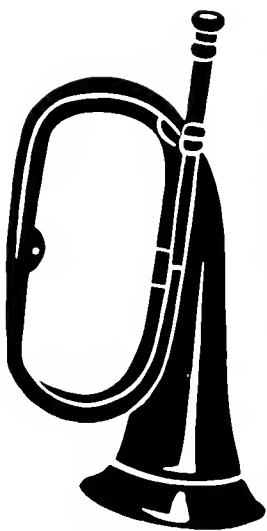
In 1982 the bank balance of the Students' Council declined almost 50%. I take full responsibility for this. We started the year by paying a rather large bill left over from the previous Students' Council. Due to poor attendance by the upper grades, the formal lost close to \$500. We were also unable to have a dance in the third term. Furthermore, we greatly increased our spending. It seemed senseless to us to have huge amounts of money just sitting around when many groups in the school needed, and asked for financial help.

At the same time, we realized the necessity for the Activity Council to begin the year with a strong bank account. In order to ensure this, we implemented an activity fee, of five dollars which has been added onto everyone's bill. This will significantly strengthen the financial position of the Activity Council.

Considering the difficulties faced by the Students' Council this year, I think many people deserve a great deal of credit. Like any Students' Council, we had our problems. I am convinced, however, that the end result was a good one. This year was indeed a struggle, but many of the things we were forced to struggle against have been resolved. As president, I would like to give my special thanks to Anthony Gray who supported me and the Students' Council from beginning to end. I would also like to wish those who remain good luck. There is still a great deal of work to be done, and it is up to you to do it.

Christopher Crassweller  
President  
1981-82

# ORCHESTRA AND BAND







sluurrtrrp!





Better build schoolrooms for "the boy"  
than cells and gibbets for "the man".  
Eliza Cook



To be or not to be, that is the question ...  
Wm. Shakespeare



I shot an arrow into the air ...  
Longfellow



LEFT TO RIGHT: G. Pelkovich, J. Stephenson, G. Rideout, G. Morphy, M. Van Ginkel, I. Voerman, S. Arnes, M. Rideout, Pres.  
ABSENT: S. Beattie, A. Knight, M. Wynn.



# CAMERA CLUB

Excerpts from the minutes of Camera Club meetings:

"You're not President AGAIN, are you Miles." (GM)

"Where's Mr. Lufford?" (GP)

"You mean I have to work with Giles Fox?" (MR)

"Who wants to go into the darkroom? Come back guys." (MR)

"Where did all these people come from?" (Mr. W.)

"Who wants to go to Forest Hill Arena? Come back here." (MR)

"We got a new color photography system." (Mr. G.)

"Hey you, leave the posters alone!" (Mr. G.)

"Marc, where did all the people go?" (MR)

"Stripes in the darkroom would look really trick." (GP)

"Gag me to the max!" (MR)

"Ah, Miles, my motor drive stuck on and I accidentally shot 400 feet of film." (Mr. G.)

"I won't be at the meeting Miles." (SA)

"Miles Grant Knox is coming to get you!" (G. Fox)

"Marc, the darkroom is really good now, great job!" (MR)

"The librarian doesn't like our stereo too loud" (Mr. G.)

"Where did all the paper go?" (MR)

"Really great year Miles." (GP)

"Photo contest winners: Graeme Morphy (1st) Jeremy Graham (2nd)" (MR)

"Where's my money, Miles?" (GM)

"Olympus makes great cameras; isn't that right Mike?" (MR)

"Stephen, Andrew, and Ian have made it to almost every meeting." (MR)

"All you guys say 'Thank you' to Mr. Wilson and Mr. Donn for all the help and support they gave" (MR)

Miles Rideout

# OLD BOYS' HOCKEY NIGHT

Despite a late change of date for the Annual Old Boys' Hockey Night, numerous plagues, parents and friends of St. George's turned out. The first game of the evening featured Old Boys II vs. a staff reinforced Under 16 team. This game proved to be a thriller as both teams battled back and forth for three exciting periods. The final score was a three all tie, a fitting end to a well contested game!

Old Boys I then took to the ice to face the swift, well conditioned members of the school's first team. The Old Boys played valiantly but the youthful school team poured on every opportunity to fashion a sophisticated 8 - 3 victory.

Thanks to the efforts of John Wesley and his crew a very enjoyable reception was held back at the school for all concerned.

Thanks to the efforts of all the Old Boys who participated, another fine evening of hockey fun was enjoyed. Next year - a new format will be introduced: Old Boys Sports' Night - during which the school hopes many more Old Boys will return to take part in a number of events.



# THE ATHLETIC BANQUET



The Headtable waved their white napkins in a gesture of surrender, as their cries echoed, "ooo, that hurts", "O.K., we've had enough" and "Who's idea was it to let Fraser speak?" All heads turned to the embarrassed Athletic Director who said, "Well, I thought it was a good idea, at the time. He's done a lot for Athletics at S.G.C. and besides it's his last hurrah."

Mr. Fraser had just verbally roasted the St. George's College coaching staff to the delight of 325 mothers, fathers and sons at the school's Sixth Annual Athletic Banquet.

The evening was highlighted by Robin Fraser squeezing his ego into the Great Hall of Hart House and the presentation of awards for athletic participation, improvement and excellence. It was a successful banquet and a fitting conclusion to athletics at St. George's College in 1982.





# STAFF/STUDENT GAMES







On Saturday May 8th, St. George's College of Toronto held its annual Formal, at the Hampton Court Hotel on Jarvis Street. I had the honour of covering this regal affair, which was attended exclusively by the students of the College and their guests. They represented all walks of life, and came from Forest Hill Village, Rosedale, Yorkville, and other insignificant regions. Despite the unlikely mixture of backgrounds, the evening was unmarred by problems due to the outstanding organization of the St. George's Students' Council.

The musical entertainment was provided by the Grotty Beats, skillfully executing arrangements of the 1960's and 70's, arousing the dancing spirit in all Georgians. Sensuous lights flashed, reflecting the iridescent dresses and tuxedos, which bore such labels as Creeds, Holt Renfrew, Gucci and Tuxedo Town. Simple beverages were available, although guests did crave stronger stimulants.

The participants were in high spirits all evening, and were known to continue the festivities long after the regretful termination of the Formal at 1:00 a.m. They continued on to residences, restaurants, hotels and park benches to make the evening one of the most memorable of the year.

This is Nemophilias Vervain, until next year.



## VERVAIN'S COLUMN



# PRIZE DAY



Prize day passed onwards into the night. A few days ago, with great pomp and circumstance. Unfortunately, I can think of little of any great worth to pass into three waiting ears. As far as I could see, it went normally, by which I mean that a small though deserving minority garnered all of the olive branches, and the rest sweated, bit their nails, and explored vigorously certain exterior orifices. Three general types of student were evident: those sleeping, those attempting to attain that blessed state of somnambulance, and those awaiting their laurels with ill-conceived vindictive joy.

The thing did end, however, and the crowd split into two basic elements, those going for gruntes in the basement and those running for the train. These glad days of comradeship and bold youth. In passing, I can only leave you with these eloquent words of Kipling's battered chevalier:

"Ay, they were strong, and the fight was long;

But I paid as good as I got!"

Now for the summer. Hahahaha ...

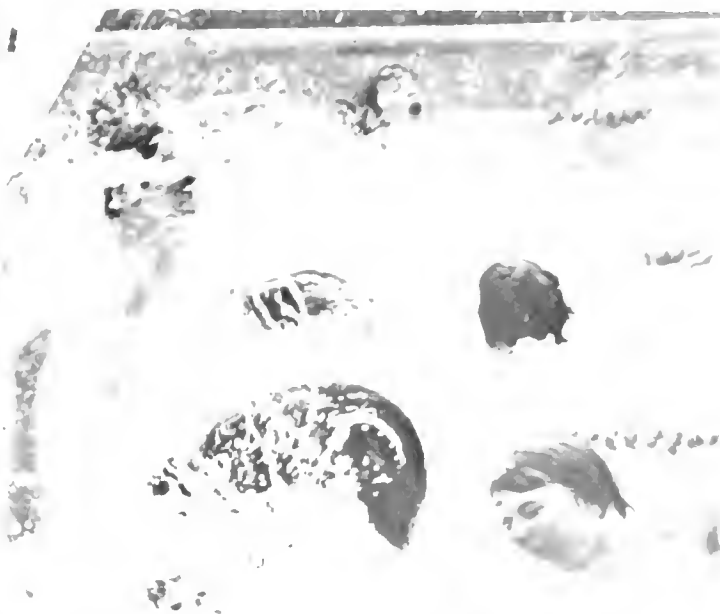
Eric Tripp



# JUNIOR SCHOOL SWIM MEET



# SENIOR SCHOOL SWIM MEET

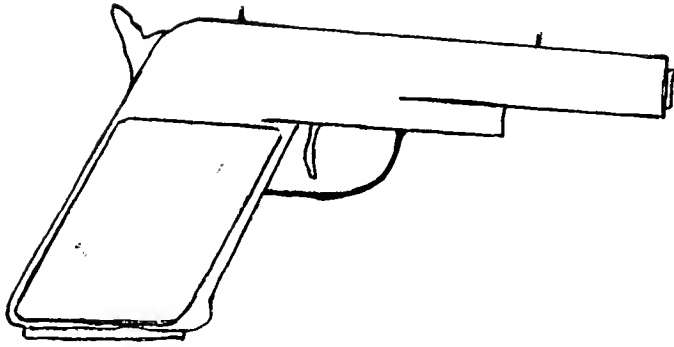


At the swim meet everyone had a good time. A really good time.



(Someone should tell him you're disqualified if you eat the ball before you finish.)

# JR. SCHOOL TRACK DAY



"Our baton was heavier", whined Geoff Goodwin.

"Our egg was cracked to begin with", chuckled Craig Loudon.

"I slipped on one of those broken eggs", moaned Bernardo Sanchez.

The Competition had never been keener. Races were decided by centimeters, and the championship by only a few points. Yet everyone finished a winner since the competition was fun.

Return of the Lord of the Flies.





# SENIOR SCHOOL TRACK MEET



This year's track day was a most successful event. Although scheduled rather late in the year, it was one of the best track days ever held.

When Mr. Dunkley announced that the senior track day was to be held in the morning instead of the afternoon, we thought that it was a good idea. The hot dog lunch that was going to be cooked made us hope that the weather would be good. When the day came, it was the pits (to put it mildly). It was raining, windy, cold and the ground was soggy. Despite the weather, Mr. Dunkley did proceed with his plans. When we started to make our way to Forest Hill, it was raining and it was still raining when most of us arrived. When Mr. Dunkley made it, he received the usual reception: hisses and boos. We would have "dunked" him into a puddle if the rain had not let up. By the time the "eggstravagant" egg toss event started, the sun was out and it started to warm up making it a much better day. Mr. D'Arcy's voice was still going strong despite his efforts to quiet the crowd, and Mr. Haslett was shifting his head from house to house trying to pick up strategy for York. Many thanks must go to Mr. Dunkley for organizing the event and to Mr. Donn and Mr. Nakatsu for a delicious lunch.



# FIELD TRIPS

On the morning of October 14, 1981, the geography and biology students of grades 13 and 11, some a little bleary at having to be up so early, boarded a Trailways bus and were driven away. As the driver steered the bus through some of the thickest fog imaginable, the students occupied themselves by eating, talking or playing poker, but anticipation grew as the bus neared the destination: the Leslie Frost Centre near Dorset that toddlin' town where we spent three days learning about the management of natural resources. About forty-five students went on the trip, the first to this site undertaken by St. George's, under the auspices of Mr. Wilson, who when not feverishly scribbling notes was plotting to steal all the banana cake in the dining hall, and Mr. "No, I don't wish to make any comments, just roll the film" Donn. Mr. Ackley joined us one evening on a bridge near the Centre to watch a fascinating activity which occurs in streams around the Dorset area around Thanksgiving, trout-spawning. Mr. Walker made a guest appearance the next night to provide some spirited refereeing for a lively volleyball game.

During the daylight hours, the students, divided by grades into two groups, and staff members participated in four three-hour sessions, each concerning management of a different natural resource - water quality, geomorphology, trail management and either water management, forest inventory or fish and wildlife. Sessions included classroom instruction from and discussion with members of the Dorset staff, often supplemented with informative films. The remainder of the session-time was actually spent out in the field, as when Mr. Wilson led us on a long hike, pointing out the various features of the land, and when we were shown how a water-treatment plant works. In addition, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Donn took some of the time in the evenings to show films concerning such issues as the pros and cons of hunting. Overall, the people at the Frost Centre and our own staff made an excellent attempt to make the students aware of how important resource management practices are and how important our



responses to current serious environmental problems such as acid rain are for the future.

After a hard day's work, students relaxed by playing touch football and ping-pong, watching the Expos on the television in the common room or trying to get the hot chocolate machine to work. The adventurous and the heavily-insured attempted to scale a one hundred-foot lookout tower. The trip was not without humorous moments, as when some students involved in trail-clearing were allowed to indulge in "low nipping," or when Marc Solby and Scott Burk played in a noisy midnight basketball game and then had the nerve to give a noisy rendition of Kenny Rogers' "The Gambler" the next morning. Generally, the students enjoyed themselves and the success of this initial outing suggests that it will become an annual event in the geography and biology programs in future years.

Chris Edwards



From April 18 to 22, 1982, the eighteen Grade 13 history students of SGC, along with about forty from Upper Canada College, went on a trip to Washington, D.C. Our purpose on the trip was to meet with key personnel from both Canada and the U.S. and to discuss the changing state of Canadian-American relations.

In many ways, the day-long journeys to and from Washington were as interesting as our actual stay there. In the SGC section of the bus, once everybody had finally tired of reading, talking, or listening to tapes on Patrick Bloomfield's radio, we began stridently bellowing out raucous party songs. At one point, we were treated by Chris Crassweller to a rare public performance of his inimitable dance "The Craw." Geoff McLean remained oblivious to it all, his eyes hidden by a pair of shades that would have looked perfect on an old lady.

The program during the days in Washington was busy. We visited the Canadian Embassy to discuss how diplomatic negotiations have changed between the two countries. We spoke to three reporters and to a member of the Foreign Relations Committee about the changes expected to occur in the future. With regard to acid rain, we spoke to lobbyist Adele Hurley, who is



trying to have U.S. environmental laws toughened, and to a member of the Council on Environmental Quality, whose seeming lack of knowledge did not impress us. In addition, we spent one whole day seeing such sites as the Washington and Jefferson Monuments, with a tour guide who made sure that we will remember forever which way the different streets in Washington run.

We were occupied at night by visits to the shops of beautiful Georgetown, Tysons Corners, Maryland and to the Kennedy Center for a strange performance of "Oedipus Rex". Of course, once back at the hotel, many students rushed to the local nightspots to sample American brew, or indulged in pulling amusing stunts. Scott Daly's handcuffing a UCC student to a fence is the most memorable.

Overall, it was an informative and enjoyable trip. Special thanks are due to Mr. Clayton, whose attitude was forgiving despite our misdeeds, and to the bus driver "Wrong Way" Harley ("They can get your record in four minutes") who, despite his conservative appearance, drove like Mario Andretti, and made sure we got across the border without any long searches.

Chris Edwards

# CHOIR

Nineteen eighty-one - eighty two started out as a potentially good year. It was a tour year, and everyone was very excited. Everyone wanted to know where and how long? It was then decided that we would go to the east coast again and Newfoundland, the only province we had never been to. Applications went out. Since they did not come back, the whole tour was called off.

However, life went on. We lowered our sights a little, and set them on a Christmas record. We practiced and practiced, and finally we borrowed Grace Church on the Hill for two nights, and made our record. All the recording staff said it was very good; so, watch for it this Christmas. The profit from this record will go to the European tour scheduled for next year. So, do not forget to buy your copy.

Another interesting detail for all you television nuts, some of the choir will be in a murder-mystery show on CBC sometime this fall. It's called Seeing Things, and the episode is Hear No Evil, See No Evil. We sing at the funeral of a murdered rock star.

Thanks to all staff for a great year!

Charlie Fowler



Albrecht, Greg  
Anson-Cartwright, Mark  
Ashley, Justin  
Bolton, Greg  
Bull, Chris  
Chow, Ashley  
Crate, Graham  
Cunnington, David  
Devry, Robert  
Edward, Gareth  
Flynn, Julian  
Fowler, Charles  
Freisen, Christian  
Gorman, Andrew  
Harley, John  
Harper, Chris  
Harrison, Robert  
Henshaw, Steven  
Hewlett, David  
Keogh, Dan  
Lichacz, David  
McHugh, Tim  
Milne, Doug  
Montgomery, Andrew  
Pritchard, Hugh  
Purdon, Michael  
Thompson, George  
Vining, Mark  
Walters, Tim





## SERVERS

Servers ... acolytes ... call us what you will, we are the people leading the choir into Chapel every Friday afternoon. We are a hardy bunch, used to the chill of a vestry at 8:15 on a winter morning or a Cathedral hallway in mid-December, and the sweltering heat of four layers of vestments on a hot June afternoon.

For St. George's Servers it has been a great year. The Christmas Carol Service deserves a reserved word of mention. It was spectacular. There were fifteen Servers, including two crucifers, two banners, two Bishop's attendants, and myriad candles. The Cathedral was overflowing; all in all a very memorable evening, and a lot of fun.

January saw the coming of Father Michael, and an increased number of eucharists. This gave many new Servers the experience they need, and allowed the tried and true Servers to keep their

hand in.

Special thanks must go to George Skarbek-Borowski. His help in orchestrating the Christmas Carol service was invaluable, and greatly appreciated. His assistance was also appreciated throughout the year. It seems whenever I could not find someone he could; and he often missed his last class on Friday to help prepare for the evensong (I know it was a big sacrifice George).

Other members, ALL worthy of mention, were Paul Clarke, Stephen Ames, Lester Hiraki, Jean-Paul Pilon, Nils Voerman, Marc Wang, Geoff Ramage, Jamie Thompson, Chris Alexander - who came through when we needed him. That's a long list!

To everyone: thanks a lot - this job takes a lot of dedication.

Giles Fox  
Head Server



A few of the guys taking a break: N. Voerman, P. Clarke, G. Fox, Head; G. Skarbek Borowski, (in back), J. Shatt, C. Bramble



# FUNDRAISING



Carlo LePiane and Chris Edwards present the Football lottery prize money to the winner.

This year marked yet another year of successful fundraising at St. George's College. There were two main events during the year. The first, in the autumn, was a football lottery. This "get rich quick" scheme encompassed the entire Senior school. Almost everyone bought at least one ticket, many people buying quite a few more! Although some tried to tip the odds in their favor it was to no avail as the **GRAND PRIZE WINNER** was Joe a.k.a. the "lunch truck".

With the excitement of the lottery over people took a break to celebrate Christmas and write a few essays. Then in the Spring grade 12 brought forth Booh Day.

A good excuse to miss a few classes, have some fun, and raise money for Nellie's Hostile at the same time. No expense was spared as grade 12 provided everything except dancing girls: a gourmet barbeque lunch, music, a football toss, a skill testing puck shooting range, and the highlight of the afternoon, interhouse tug-of-war. The weather was great and everyone had a great time. To top it all off the event was covered by CityPulse news, perhaps resulting in a few dramatics during the tug-of-war. All in all, it was a fun and painless way to raise money for a worthwhile cause.



# REACH FOR THE TOP



NICHOLAS CULVERWELL

HUGH BROWN

JOHN SLADEK



RICHARD GOODWIN

KRISTIN KAY

LISA LACEY

IAN JACK



For the first time ever this year a St. George's team participated in the CBC spectacular "Reach for the Top". The team consisted of Nick "Dark and Silent" Culverwell, Hugh "Cumberbund" Brown, John "Mafia" Sladek, and Gordon "Mungo Park" Baird. On a Sunday evening in late October we competed against Malvern Collegiate, and soundly defeated them.

This victory allowed us to continue on against the Toronto French School. This time, with the support of an extremely loud and partisan crowd, we were prepared for victory. The raucous behavior of our supporters bothered "Quizms" Jan Tenant, but nevertheless being a professional she allowed the show to continue.

Unfortunately, we were narrowly defeated, and were thus prevented from continuing in what Chris Henry, the prize announcer, called the pursuit of "academic" excellence.

The St. George's team has now

decided to retire from competition and live in its memories in Democratic Kampuchea. In this rather bizarre country the year is always one different from everywhere else. The national anthem is "The Flight of the Wolf", and the national costume consists of shakers and cumberbunds. The co-Presidents of the country are Nancy Read and Indigo Jones, but the entire country is run by the "Mafia".

Kampuchea is only a few acres of snow and ice and the temperature is -40° Fahrenheit, or Celsius. The reigning Monarch is King George II, III, IV (all at the same time). In this country, near Japan, serious music, yes very serious, is never played, and art, formaldehyde, and methanal have all been banned. The country, for anyone who is interested, except William Rucklidge, is reached from the World Trade Centre, via the Brooklyn bridge by steamboat.

Mungo Park



NICHOLAS CULVERWELL

GORDON BAIRD

HUGH BROWN

JOHN SLADEK



RICHARD GOODWIN

KRISTIN KAY

LISA LACEY

IAN JACK







### BORN TO DIE

The Human spirit moves us.  
The Human spirit compells us.  
It lives within us all.  
It dies within us never.

We are some of us good.  
We are some of us bad.  
Like the rain that will fall,  
The spirit continues forever.

When soon we will all die,  
Some will laugh, some will cry.  
Not for the sins of Man,  
But life hadn't yet began.

It is a dreadful thought.  
Perhaps a pleasant thought.  
Death will wrap each and all.  
Inside its ghostly shawl.  
But death cannot be faught.

Drew Fiala

## ANGEL BLACK

One there was, who sat at all god's left hands.  
Proclaimed was he; all but one passed,  
While he shone as light's symbol across the lands,  
In the one eternal struggle mass'd.

His deeds, be praised, were known both far and wide;  
Until that night when came in that cursed tide.  
Angel white shone like star's flame no more.  
Angel black created did'st now pour.

Integral in man's mydrid lives is he,  
As is the Other lodged high above,  
Holding likewise guardedly one twin key,  
Yet having at call no feathered dove.

In ancient times was he forced to wed,  
All manner of things to bring fruitful bed.  
Cursed black and declaimed to be as death,  
Drew dusty temples east of eden, Seth.

In seasoned halls of cedar and oak,  
With tall flames and rivalry surrounded,  
He gazed at where one Roland's horn had woke,  
Propped in splayed splendor thrice bounded.

Swastika's banner proudly held his day,  
Under which Isle of Angels forgot lay,  
With balls of fire shaking the midnight sky,  
Part heart escaping demolished sigh.

In offence no man, no thing, stays his hand,  
All accept the giving of one half part,  
To one shaded, who takes from all their land,  
And gives favor of Stygian hallowed art.

Why are they all so stricken against him?  
Whose acts are founded on no flimsey whim? -  
But must do battle on all planes of world,  
Scorned, beaten, no flag on ship is unfurled.

Within his realm all is fast cloaked,  
While he doth sit alone in misty murk,  
Holding only to his won thoughts, sulfer soaked,  
And in wonder gazing at his flawless work.

Full of unimaginable suffering,  
His time shaped by unscalable buffering,  
He stands in eternal shock at his pain,  
Knowing that it will never, never wain.

What future is his? What can he look to?  
In pressed depths of time will he still be  
At his workings impossible to construe.  
What think he of time when he will ever see.

Ages tolled, in process, and to fore;  
All are witness to him who is so more.  
True blessed, and moved out of brake,  
He is so named Azrael, angel black.

Andre Czegledy-Nagy

## VOICES FROM THE SKIES

The tree gives berth to man's desire,  
Its wish silent in the winds expire.  
Life received from its soil within,  
Are dispensed through man's metal assassin.  
The trials of the tree is put forth to drone,  
Its life to the hands of its man and stone.  
Sad is the case of the earthless tree,  
This, nature, is fate man judges for thee.

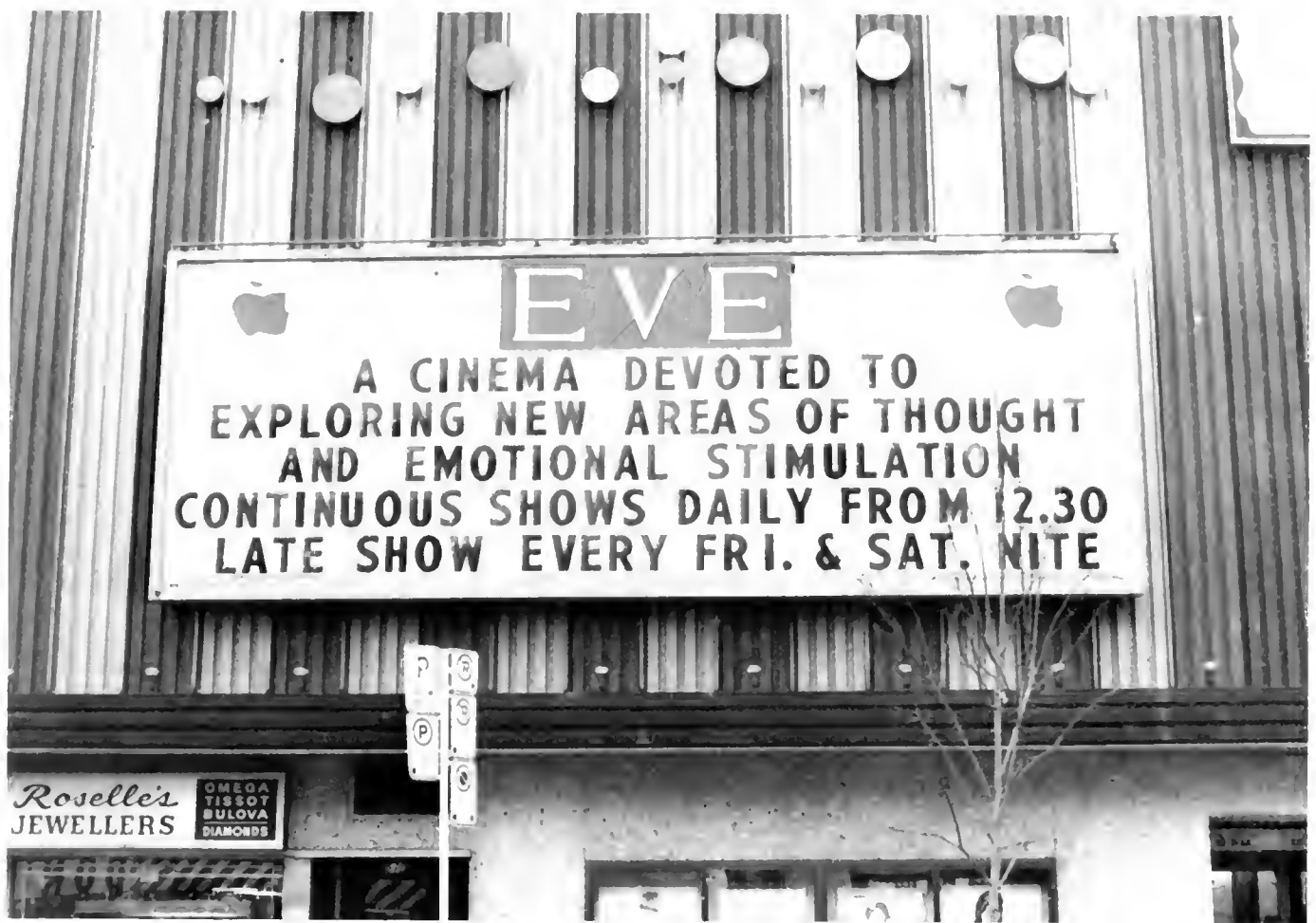
Best for the tree it lives through haste,  
For man always suffers beneath his waste,  
The tree becomes the houses' one taste.  
Be patient, O tree, the bomb will finally come,  
Death it brings and agony is done,  
Dumb is man for the tree will return  
                    beneath the sun.

Michael Rose









## **DREAMS DON'T DIE**

**Dreams don't die,  
Nor fade away,  
But come always again,  
And return another day.**

**Andre Czegledy-Nagy**



# MIND CONTROL

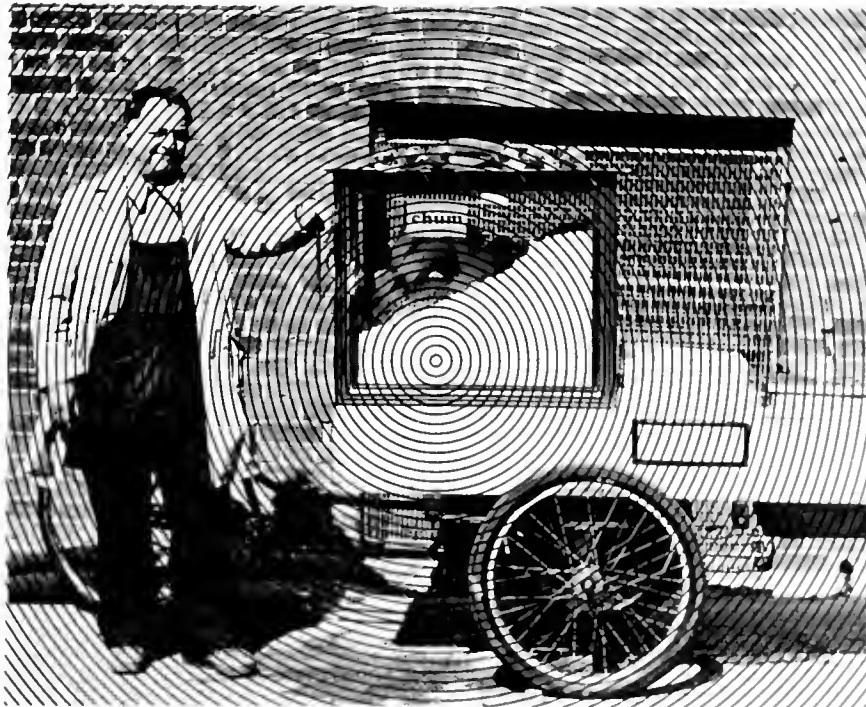
I forced my thought directly on the box of Lego, shutting out completely everything around, lying completely still, eyes on the box of Lego. I pretended that my nerves and muscles inhabited the box. I intensified my stare and concentrated on the box rising. I shouted inside my head and it rose. I issued another command, "Come to me!", and it floated directly over my bed. I opened my mind and dropped on my lap. I had never done this before. More fearful than happy I threw the box across the room. I quickly lay back and hid under my covers. I was sweating and shaking. My head hurt and I could not sleep.

After about an hour, I peered out from under my covers. Everything was normal. To help me sleep, I

began to think about my models and they began flying around my room. I had no control over what was happening. One of the planes flew into my dad's room. Now I was more scared than ever. My dad usually does not like being awakened by a squadron of B-17's flying over his head. I quickly called them back and hoped that he would think that it was a bad dream. I willed him to forget.

The next morning at breakfast all my dad talked about was the condition of our lawn. The possibilities are endless.

Nicholas Rodomar  
Grade 7



## AN ODE TO SPRING

When in winter I dull clouds survey,  
Seeing in them such dismaying color,  
My hear, like them, becomes a shade of gray  
And I am then enwrapped in loathsome color.  
I find I cannot think upon my books  
And all enjoyment is so very fleet,  
The world a place of dull indifference looks  
I have myself for finding nothing sweet.  
But when light comes and clears the clouds away  
I am with joy the world's beauty quite o'ercome  
And even the worst chore delightful grows.  
When to my eyes is shown the first spring day,  
My senses are no more so dull and numb  
And, once more, delight my mind o'erflows.

David Brake

## BEAUTY OR BEAST?

Oh! How I felt as she rolled down the lane.  
Her hair glittered, sparkled as the sun beamed down  
She seemed so gentle, her movement so tame  
I knew as I gazed that when she'd turn 'round  
I'd whisper knowingly, telling her I loved her  
As I spoke a breeze hit me from a nearby fan  
She heard me and answered, no thank you dear sir  
For you see I'm in love with another married man  
But as she left, it began to thunder  
And I knew now that beauty was not all  
For as I followed her, I began to wonder  
Is it worth it, after all, she left to fall.

Looking back, her lips like a beast began to moan  
I hate and despise you, just leave me alone. (We hate you too Dave)

David Tanovich  
Grade 11



VINCENZO NATALLI

# DRUMS OF MY FATHER

A 100 000 years have passed  
Yet I hear distant of my father's drums  
I hear his drums throughout the land  
His beat I feel within my heart  
The drums shall beat so my heart shall  
And beat I shall live a 100 000 years.\*

I am Chief Quazila. I was a great chief of the Kwakiutl tribe many years ago. Now my spirit wanders the land in search of happiness. The day of my death was a sorrow for my tribe, but they held a great ceremony called the Potlatch with performers in long, flowing robes. I was sad to leave my tribe but happy that they were strong enough to carry on. My life had been full of happiness, pride and freedom. I remember the excitement of being the youngest hunter to "bring down" a buffalo. We made a new teepee with the hide. I also remember the time when I had made a birchbark canoe. When my father tested it, he found that I had not sealed the seams correctly. When he was half-way to the other side, he sank, much to the amusement of the tribe. I remember one night when I could not sleep. I dared to borrow a horse and ride through the great forest, breathing

the crisp air. I remember the day when I was fishing with my father in the clear, cool water of our river and I caught a ten-foot long fish (well maybe only two feet long ... we had fishy stories in those days, too!)

Now years later I see sorrow. My spirit wanders gloomily over the concrete landscape. I see the air polluted by smoke stacks pouring acid and grime into the atmosphere. I see the polluted rivers full of dead fish. I see the great plains emptied of buffalo by the white man. I see garbage-filled cities where forests used to stand. Yet worst of all, I see my Indians ruined by the white man's alcohol. Where there was happiness, there is now sadness. I feel anger, grief and sadness. When will it all end?

John Harley  
Grade 7

\*Poem by S. Daniels (Ojibway)





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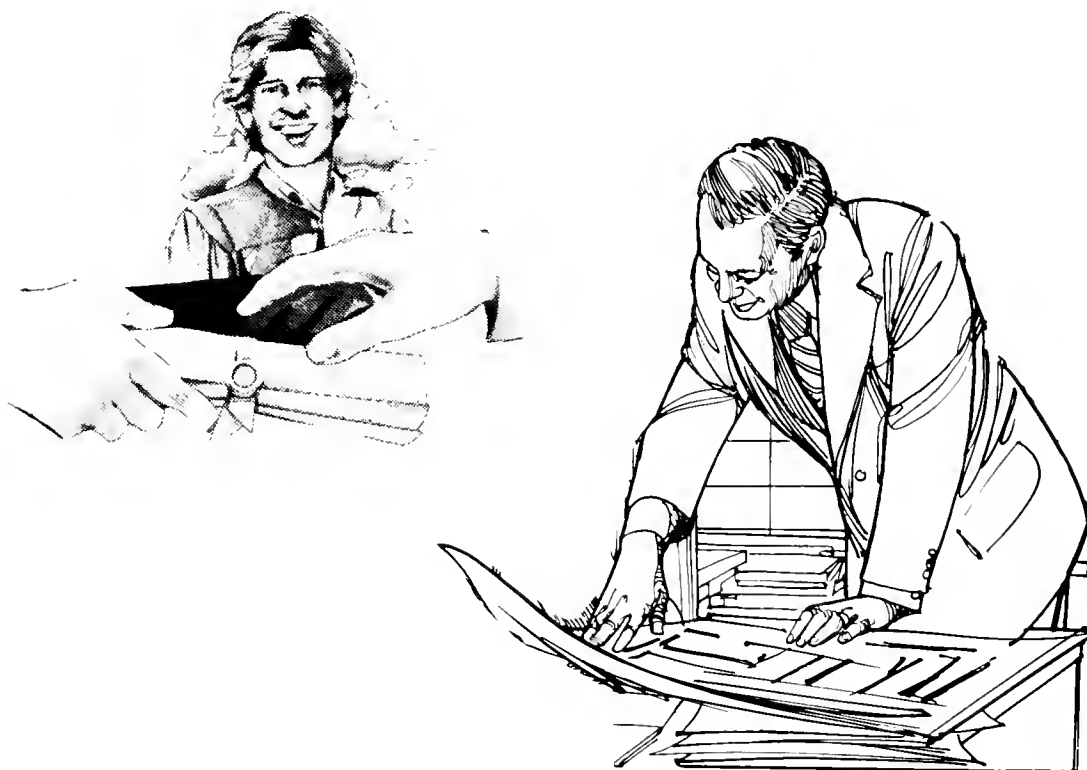


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## GRADE 4



## GRADE 6





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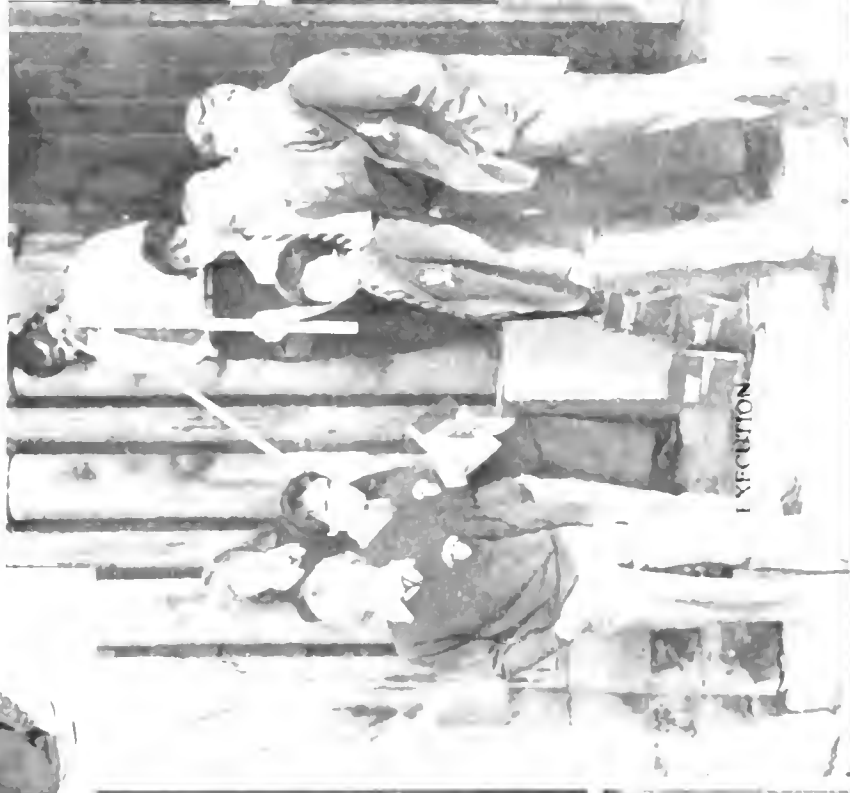
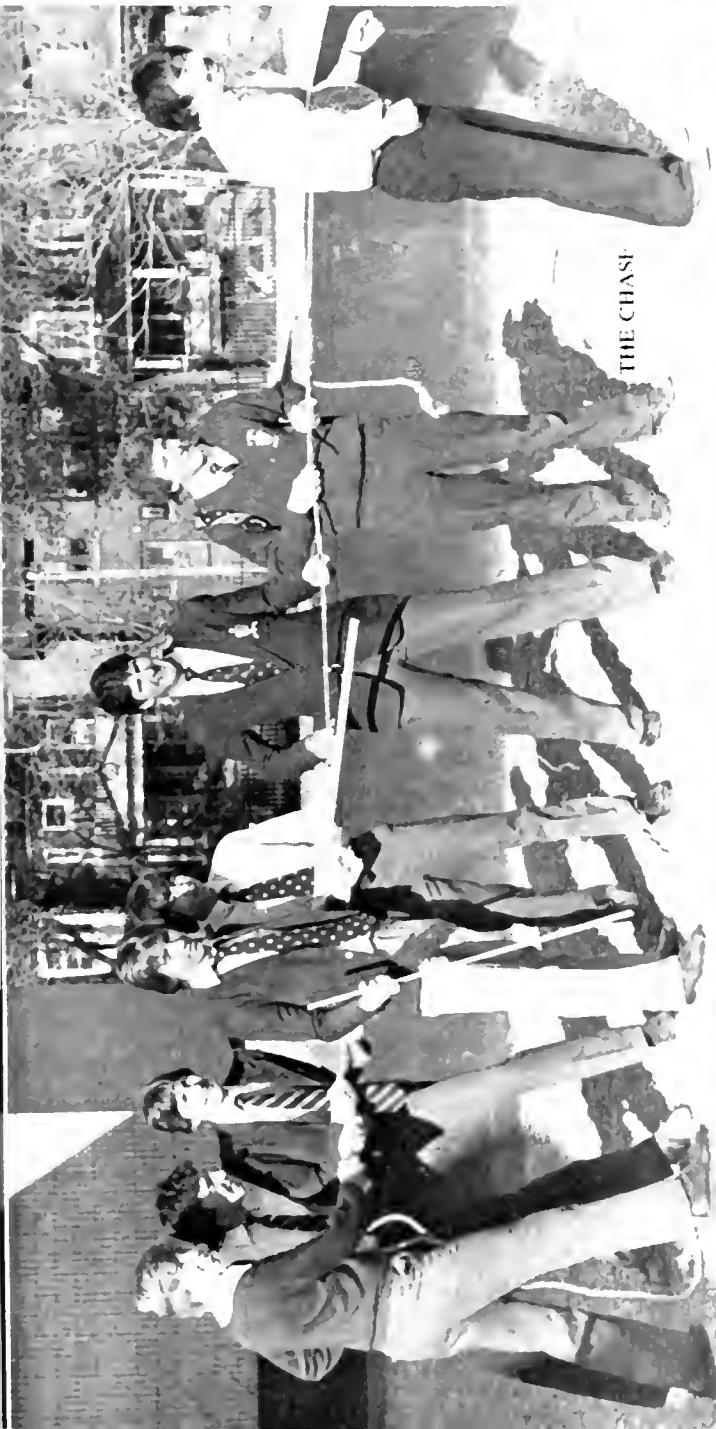


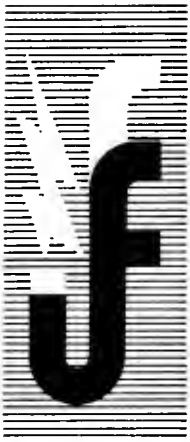




# GET THE NAK

11-N





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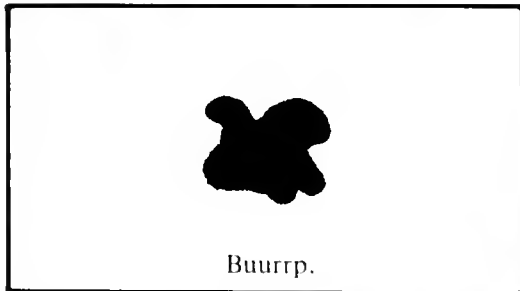
# THE BLOBS OF WRATH



Summoning down the unholy blobs.



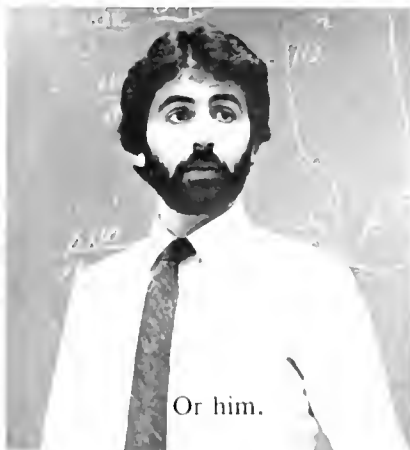
What's that?



Buurrp.



Neither did he.



Or him.



They didn't expect anything.



No one is safe!



Yes, they breed like rabbits.



And guess where!



Next time he'll be ready.



How to destroy them



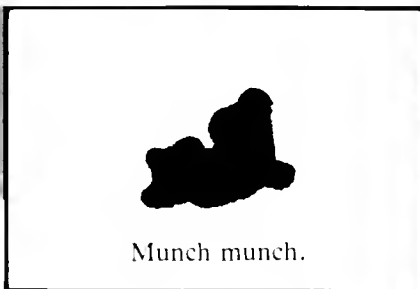
This way?



Glup. Not quite.



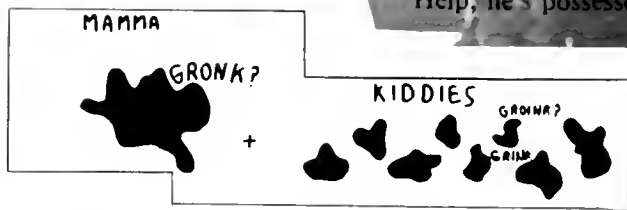
Can they kill it?



Munch munch.



He's worried.



Sorry, blobs don't believe in ESP.



They have an idea.



What does she see?



Our hero!

HELP

SAVE ME

I hate blobs. They make me mad and angry.



They celebrate.



I did it. Just me, that's right. Me!



But one escapes with his devoted slave.

## THE END

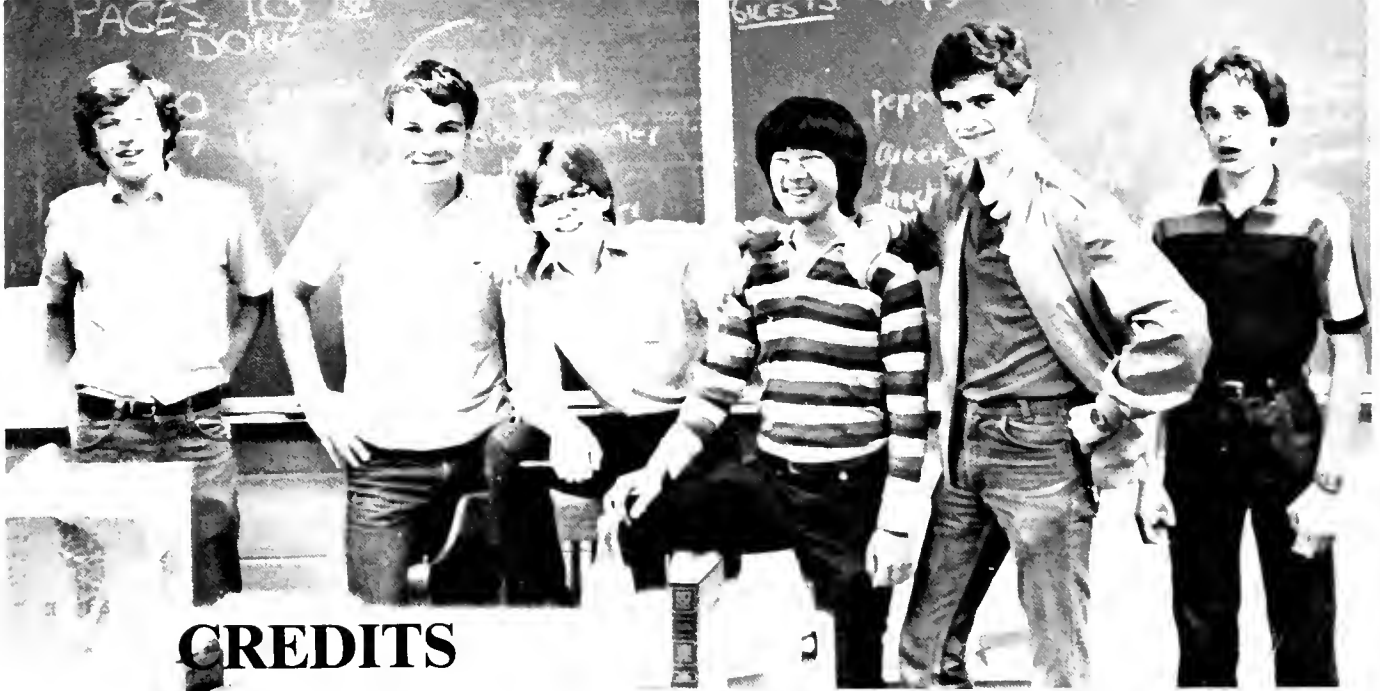
Art and copy by Eric Fripp. Many good suggestions by Walden Ross. Special Technical Assistance by Enver Hoxha and the Foster Army.



GR. 13







## CREDITS

Whew, what a year! Perhaps the most dramatic occurrence this year was the advent of deadlines. Yep, deadlines. A new word in the vocabulary of even die-hard literary editors. We came close to meeting many of them throughout the year, but we did meet the last one, and, after all, isn't that the most important one?

It was indeed a memorable year - that is the parts of the year I care to remember. I am grateful to all of the yearbook and camera club personnel who all too frequently stayed at school long after the sun had gone down - I kid you not. In spite of the hours everyone seemed to SUBsist alright.

Speaking of the camera club (was I?), regardless of the upheavals and changes it still managed to produce the pictures we needed. This is due largely to the direction of Miles Rideout (not to mention Mr. Wilson and Mr. Donn) and the hours logged in the darkroom by Marc Van Ginkel and Graeme Morphy.

The number of members just about doubled. The influx of new members included many diligent, often creative people: Walden Ross, Eric Fripp, Sean Hayes, Jamie Thompson, Chris Edwards, Tony Culverwell, Chris Bramble, John Magyar and Graeme Morphy who cannot only take pictures, but also lay them out (he must be ambidextrous).

Thanks to Gordon Baird and Hugh Brown, the two senior members of the team, and to George Skarbek-Borowski and Eric Sharf; in spite of the recession these two still managed to bring in the ads. Lester Hiraki, George Hodjera, and Marc Wang all were a tremendous help at various stages, and with so many years of experience between them next year's yearbook will surely be a sight to behold.

Thanks also to Mr. Kerr for his often tactful advice and general knowledge of how to get things done without wasting inordinate amounts of time. It was a great help.

Regardless of headaches it was a lot of fun, and an experience I'll never forget - no matter how hard I try.

Beam me up Scotty.



GILES FOX





THE STANDARD TEAM WRITE-UP FORM

EDITOR: USE THIS FOR TEAM  
THE OUTSTANDING  
WRITE-UPS

The \_\_\_\_\_ team of 198\_\_ had in general a fairly good year. Despite our losses we still had the perseverance and determination to continue. We had some good days and some bad days but the team and its devoted members worked very hard. For the less experienced members, the team meant something for them, too. It taught them skill as well as good sportsmanship.

It is worthy to make not of some of the more outstanding members of the team: \_\_\_\_\_  
Considering we did not do to badly this year the prospects for next year's team are good.

We would like to give a special thanks to our coach \_\_\_\_\_ who did an outstanding job. He gave us the guidance, help and hope that kept team spirit up and made us give our best.

None

And now a word from the competition:

# The INFORMER

issue 3

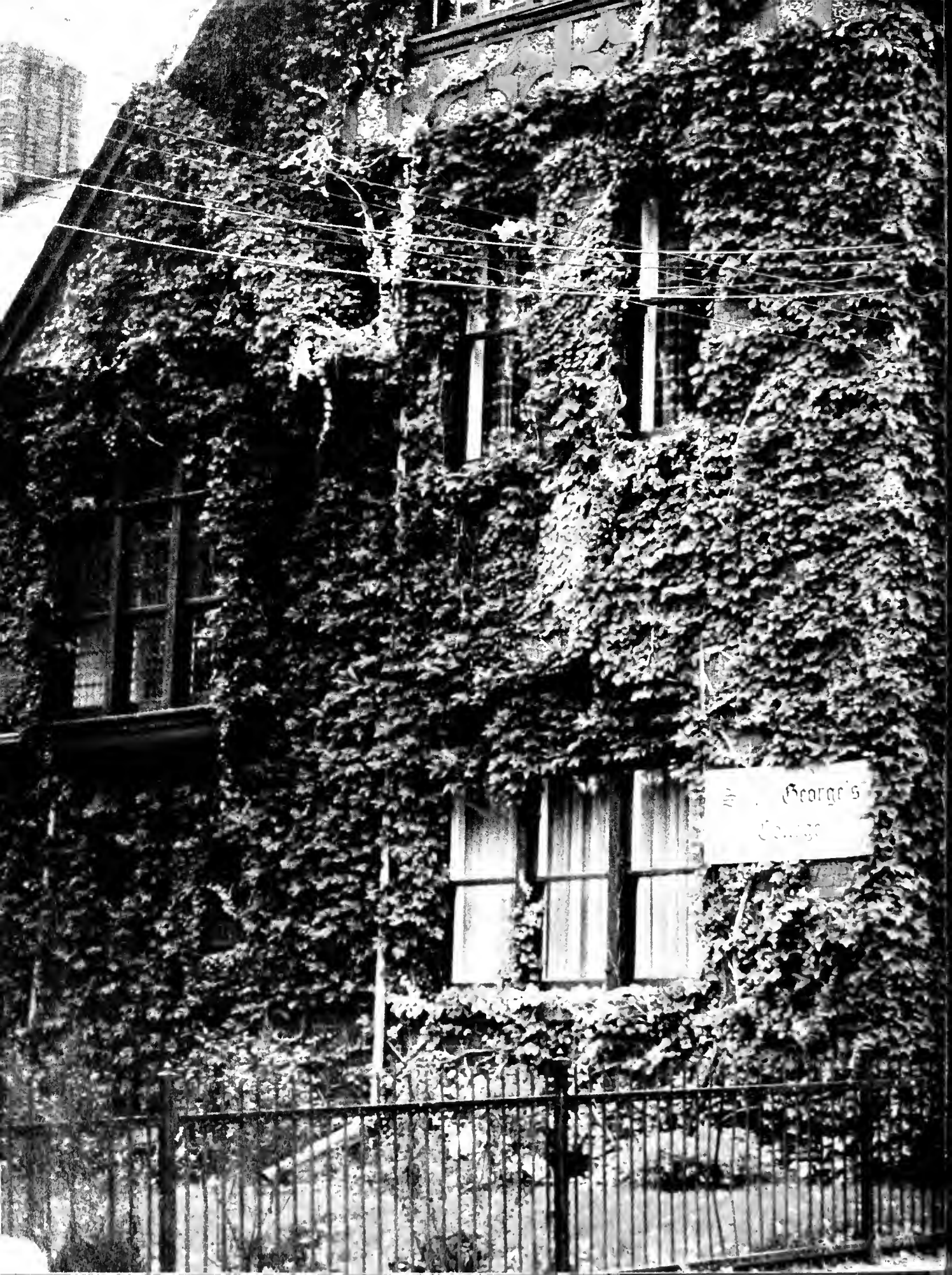
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wishes to thank

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